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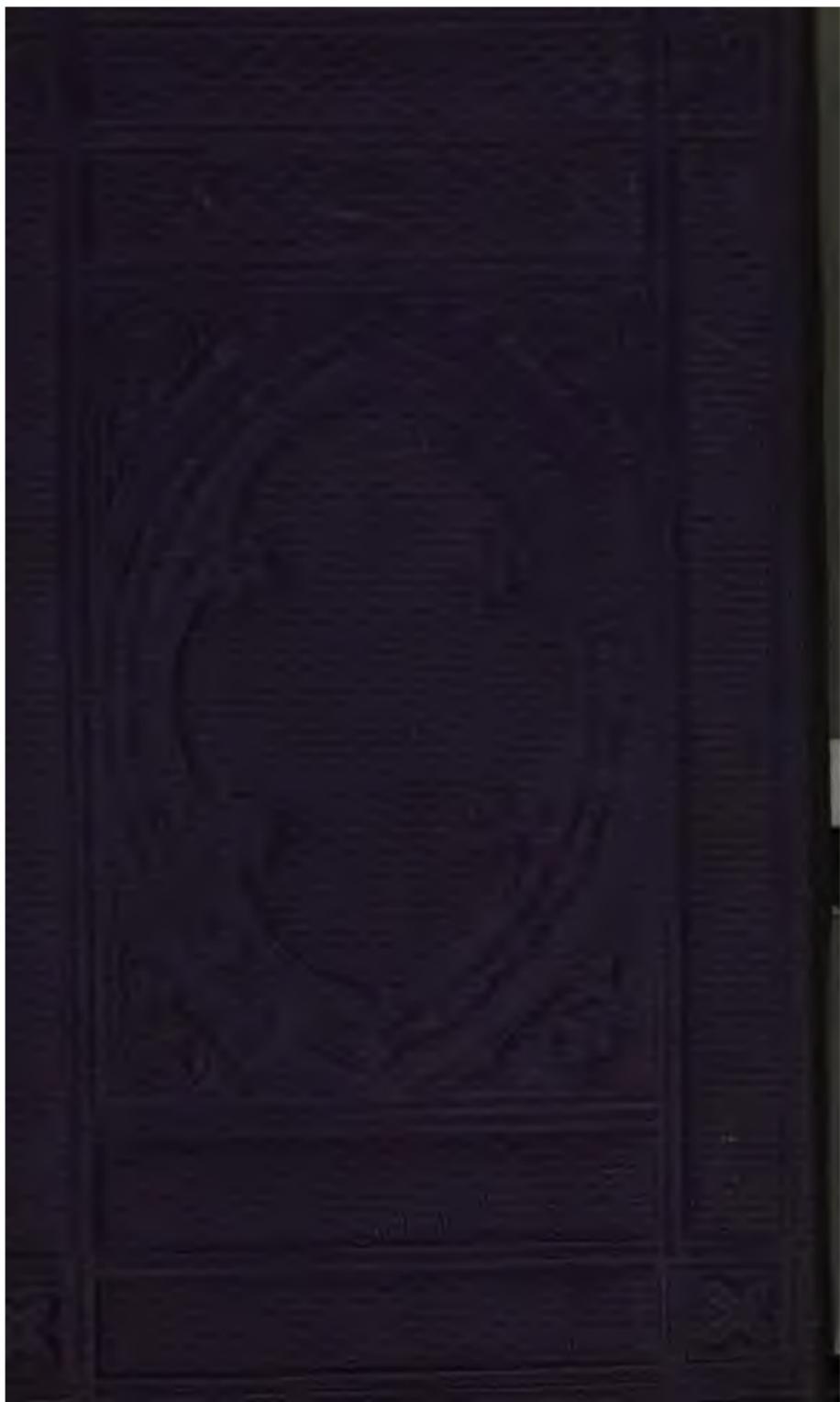
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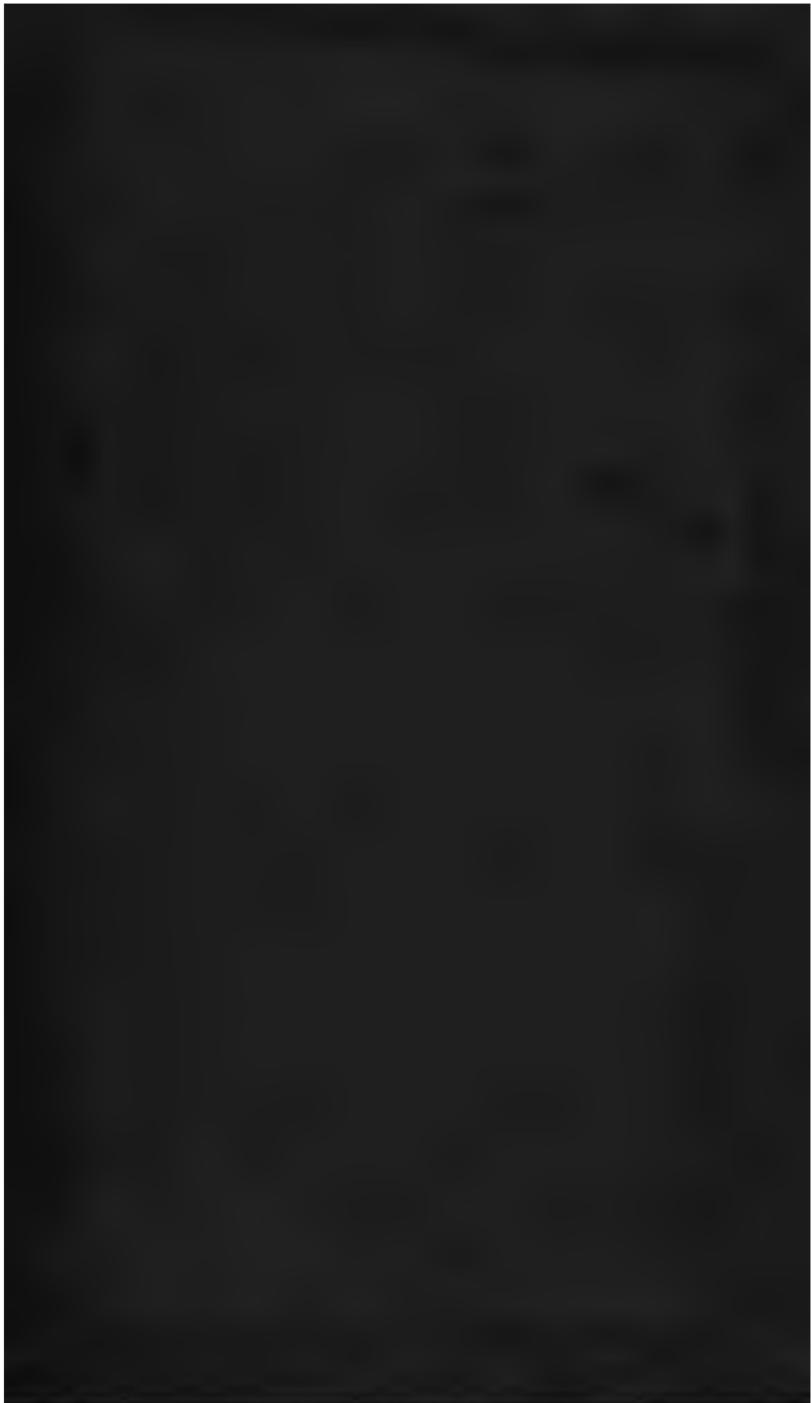
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Lyra Sacra

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Revelation and Science in respect to “Bunsen’s Biblical Researches,” “The Evidences of Christianity,” and “The Mosaic Cosmogony:” with an examination of certain statements put forth by the remaining authors of “Essays and Reviews.”

Lyra Sacra:

BEING A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS

ANCIENT AND MODERN,

ODES

AND

FRAGMENTS OF SACRED POETRY

COMPILED AND EDITED, WITH A PREFACE, BY THE

REV. BOURCHIER WREY SAVILE, M.A.

Curate of Tattingstone.

Author of ‘The First and Second Advent’
‘The Introduction of Christianity into Britain’ &c.



“Sing us one of the Songs of Zion.” — Psalm cxxxvii. 3.

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.



OLY THOUGHTS clothed in
beauteous words form the essence of
all true Poetry.

It must, however, be admitted that two qualifications are essentially necessary for a right understanding of this, viz. spirituality of mind, and a due cultivation of the intellectual powers. Cowper has well observed respecting him who confessedly ranks supreme in the realm of song—far above all Poets, ancient and modern, save the inspired singer of Israel,—that “none but Christians can fully enter into the beauties of Milton.” Of Milton’s poetry we must confess

that it would require an intellect of similar capacity adequately to comprehend it, and a tongue like his own suitably to speak the praise. The effect of a proper reception of the breathings of this master mind is to invigorate the understanding, purify the affections, uplift the heart, and lead the mind a willing captive, skyward, homeward, and to God. Ever will it endure, as a noble effort of intellectual power of the highest order, sanctified by sorrow, to put to shame those who pervert the noblest gift of Heaven to low and sensual abuse. Ever will it remain a triumphant memorial, as it has been somewhere remarked that “the lamp of genius shines with the brightest lustre when it is fed with the purest oil.”

With regard to that portion of the *Lyra Sacra*, entitled *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, the Editor wishes it to be understood that the term *Ancient* is used with some latitude, including Authors from times previous to the Christian era down to the beginning of the last century; his object being to combine some of Zion’s Songs, wherewith the faithful of Christ’s Holy Catholic Church were wont in ancient days to sing the praises of “Christ our King,” with the choicest specimens of Hymns, which the compositions of modern times afford.

As all *Ancient Hymns* must necessarily be translations, the Editor desires to acknowledge

that he is chiefly indebted to “the Rev. J. Neale” and to “Catherine Winkworth,” for their admirable rendering of the Mediæval and German Hymns respectively, which are introduced into this work. In the following collection of *Hymns, Odes, and Fragments of Sacred Poetry*, the Editor indulges himself in the hope that there will be found other Poems, some of which have never before been seen in print, which are not unworthy of appearing in such sacred companionship as that of the seraphic Milton. And if it be lawful to make a selection, where all by their names may be considered more or less worthy of approval, he would specify in particular the opening Hymn in the *Lyra Sacra*, composed more than four centuries before the Christian era by Eupolis, one of “Great Socrates’” pupils, so remarkable as being the production of one who enjoyed not the advantage of a Revelation from on High, though evidently of that class of heathen so forcibly described by the Apostle, as “seeking the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him though he be not far from every one of us ;” that thrilling Hymn of Mediæval times, by Peter Damian, on “The Last Day,” so awfully descriptive of the Judgment to come ; the noble Morning Hymn before Sunrise, by Coleridge ; the magnificent Hymn in,

praise of God, by Derzhazen, a Russian poet of no mean celebrity ; a translation of the 148th Psalm, by Ogilvie, said to have been composed when only sixteen, and very superior to those versions of the Psalms which are sung in our Churches ; and last but not least, a most remarkable Ode on “The Burial of Moses,” by the wife of an Irish clergyman, though published, as it appears in this collection, under initial letters, which, for the beauty of its composition, is equal, while, for the loftiness of its subject, it is necessarily superior, to the well-known and deservedly admired Ode on “The death of Sir John Moore,” which has been read and approved by all lovers of true Poetry wherever the English tongue is known.

As it will be seen in the present collection that there are a few other *Odes*, besides the one alluded to above, which cannot be said to belong to what is usually termed “Sacred Poetry,” the Editor wishes to avow that his constant aim and endeavour has been to introduce nothing but what may tend to raise the heart from Nature up to Nature’s God. This blessed tendency is specially manifest in the works of such gentle spirits as those of our own George Herbert and Reginald Heber, whose second and therefore better nature seems unconsciously to reflect in their writings that chief characteristic of Deity, which is

so simply and effectually described by the tender-hearted Disciple in this one brief sentence, “God is Love.” Such a subject will naturally be found of frequent recurrence in the *Lyra Sacra*, as the never-failing theme on which the disciple of Christ in all ages has loved to tune his lyre, when seeking to pour forth strains sweet as the melody of Heaven itself. Plato’s definition of this Divine Principle, that “it takes away one’s living in himself and transfers it to the party loved ;” is necessarily true in the highest degree with regard to our knowledge of Him, “whom having not seen we love ; in whom though now we see Him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.” If this thought be consoling during our pilgrim state, that the faithful will take nothing with them into their everlasting home above, save that “love which never faileth ;” how blessed to see its effect in the daily intercourse of life amidst all the trials and sorrows with which we are profitably encompassed here, and to find it, as the faintly Bishop Wilson of Sodor and Man has so truly described it, “speaking kindly, dealing tenderly, grieving not the hearts of the living, and treading softly upon the graves of the dead !”

In conclusion, the Editor cannot omit to invite attention to a choice selection of Psalms, which have been purposely introduced into this collection

and particularly to that one, to which allusion has been already made, of unsurpassed grandeur and beauty, terminating with a chorus to the praise of Jehovah, in which the Psalmist* invokes men and angels, sun, moon, and stars, and all the elements : and calls upon them to join in one united Hallelujah to Him who hath made them all. Oh, what mighty power hath not poetry, when the heart and intellect combine to constrain the soul into making known its wants unto God, and necessarily in a far higher degree when directly inspired, like David, and the sacred singers of Israel, by God Himself! To use the language of a distinguished Poet of the present day : “In the closing Psalms of David we see the almost inarticulate enthusiasm of the lyric poet ; so rapidly do the words press to his lips, floating upwards to God their source, like the smoke of a great fire of the soul, wafted by the tempest. Here we see David, or rather the human heart itself, with all its God-given notes of grief, joy, tears, and adoration — poetry sanctified to its highest expression ; a vase of perfume broken on the step of the Temple, and shedding

* We avoid naming David as the author of the 148th Psalm. It has no title in the Hebrew ; and in the Syriac version it is attributed to Haggai and Zachariah. The LXX. and the Ethiopic say the same. As a hymn of praise, it is the most sublime in the whole book.

abroad its odours from the heart of David to the heart of all humanity ! Hebrew, Christian, or even Mohammedan, every religion, every complaint, every prayer has taken something from this vase shed on the heights of Jerusalem, wherewith to give forth their accents. The little shepherd has become the Master of the sacred choir of the Universe. There is not a worship on earth which prays not with his words, or sings not with his voice. A chord of his harp is to be found in all choirs, resounding everywhere and for ever in unison with the echoes of Horeb and Engedi ! David is the Psalmist of Eternity. In the Book of Psalms, there are words which seem to issue from the soul of all ages, and which penetrate even to the heart of all generations. Happy the bard who has thus become the eternal hymn, the personified prayer and complaint of all humanity ! If we look back to that remote age when such songs resounded over the world ; if we consider that while the lyric poetry of all the most cultivated nations only sang of wine, love, blood, and the victories of the coursers at the Olympic games, we are seized with profound astonishment at the mystic songs of the Shepherd-king, who talks to God the Creator as one friend to another, who understands and praises His great works, admires His justice, implores His mercy, and becomes as it were, an anticipative

echo of all evangelical poetry, speaking in accent
of truest love, the soft words of our Maste
Christ, before his coming into the world to die
for fallen man.”*

B. W. S.

TATTINGSTONE RECTORY :

January, 1862.

* Lamartine, Cours de Littérature.



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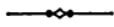


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Lyra Sacra.



ANCIENT HYMNS.

I.

THE CREATOR.



UTHOR of Being, Source of Light,
With unfading beauties bright ;
Fulness, Goodness, rolling round,
Thy own fair orb without a bound ;
Whether Thee, Thy suppliants call,
Truth, or Good, or One, or All,
EI*, or IAΩ† : Thee we hail,
Essence that can never fail,

* The Grecian name EI, "Thou art," inscribed on the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, is supposed to be taken from the Saite inscription "I am," and corresponds with Exodus iii. 14, meaning "Unchangeable."

† IAΩ was the "Barbaric name," for Jehovah, or Jao, as the Greeks wrote it, intimating His *Unity*, whence the Phœnician IETΩ, and from thence the Grecian ZETΩ.

Grecian or Barbaric name,
 Thy stedfast Being still the same,
 Thee will I sing, O Father, Jove,
 And teach the world to praise and love.

And yet, a greater Hero far,
 (Unless great *Socrates* could err,)
 Shall rise to bless some future day,
 And teach to live, and teach to pray.

Come, UNKNOWN INSTRUCTOR, come !
 Our leaping hearts shall make Thee room ;
Thou with Jove our vows shalt share,
 Of Jove and THEE we are the care.

O FATHER, KING, whose Heavenly Face
 Shines serene on all *Thy race*,
 We Thy magnificence adore,
 And Thy well-known aid implore,
 Nor vainly for Thy help we call,
 Nor can we want, for THOU ART ALL !

EUPOLIS, 5th Cent. B.C.



II.

CHRIST.



HEPHERD of tender youth !
 Guiding, in love and truth,
 Through devious ways ;
 Christ, our triumphant King,
 We love Thy name to sing ;
 And here our children bring
 To shout Thy praise.

Thou art our only Lord !
The all-subduing Word !
 Healer of strife !
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race
 And give us life.

Thou art Wisdom's High Priest,
Thou hast prepared the feast
 Of perfect love —
When racked with mortal pain,
None calls on Thee in vain,
Help Thou dost not disdain —
 Help from above.

Ever be thus our Guide,
Our Shepherd, and our Pride,
 Our staff and song —
Jesus ! Thou Christ of God !
By Thy perennial Word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
 Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
 And joyful sing ;

Babes and the gladsome throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite to swell the song

To CHRIST our KING.*

CLEMENS ALEX.



III.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.



AIL ! gladd'ning Light, of His pure
glory poured,
Who is th' Immortal Father, Hea-
venly, Blest,
Holiest of Holies—Jesus Christ our
Lord !

Now are we come to the Sun's hour of rest,
The lights of Evening round us shine,
We sing the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost Divine !
Worhiest art Thou at all times to be sung
With undefiled tongue,
Son of our God, Giver of Life, alone !
Therefore, in all the world, Thy glories, Lord,
we own.†

ST. BASIL.

* The above hymn, though found in the works of Clemens Alexandrinus, is believed to have been of earlier date than his time, and may have been the hymn which Pliny speaks of in his letter to the Emperor Trajan, A.D. 104, as being sung “Christo, quasi Deo, secum invicem.”

† Hymn of the 2nd century, preserved by St. Basil, *vide* Routh's *Relig. Sacrae*, iii. p. 299.

IV.

GOD.



HE great, august, Immortal King,
Th' Eternal Potentate, I sing !
Let earth be silent while I raise
The voice of prayer, the note of
praise.

Hushed be the moaning of the breeze ;
The murmur of the waving trees :
Be stilled the soft, melodious note
Of each aerial warbler's throat :
Let tranquil-æther, tranquil air,
Attend the hymn, attend the prayer ;
And deep in ocean's charmed breast,
Let all the gathered waters rest !

SYNESIUS.*



V.

LIFE.



F veiled our eyes, their piercing sight
Can yet discern some glimmering
light ;
And Pilgrims wandering here below,
With some celestial impulse glow,
When fleeing this domain of life,
They tread the pure and hallowed way
Up to their Father's realm of day.

* A Platonist, converted to Christianity in the 3rd century.

How blest the soul, which having fled
 The toils that o'er its path were spread,
 At one light bound from matter springs,
 And seeks its God on Rapture's wings !
 How blest is he, who, after all
 The ills and changes that befall,
 Hath trod the intellectual way,
 And viewed where beams of glory play,
 The fount of light, the throne of day !
 Let every wish and thought aspire,
 On wings of love, on wings of fire ;
 And O may resolution nerve
 Thy breast, untaught to yield or swerve.
 Then will thy Heavenly Parent stand,
 And proffer, with paternal hand,
 To lead thee to a kindred hand.
 An orb of fire will blaze before Thee,
 Reveal the fair æthereal plain,
 Where beauty first began her reign,
 And light Thee to the realm of glory.

Awake, my soul, and quaff thy fill,
 Drink freely of that fountain-rill,
 Whose wave impregn'd with blessing flows,
 The Lethe of terreftrial woes —
 Bend lowly at thy Father's shrine,
 To earth the cares of earth resign,
 And rise to life and joy divine ;
 To dwell in union with thy God ; perchance
 A God thyself to move in Heaven's eternal
 dance !

SYNESIUS.

VI.

CHRIST.



EDEEMER of the Nations, come!
Ransom of earth, here make Thy
home !
Bright Sun, O dart Thy flame to
earth,
For so shall God in Christ have birth !

Thou comest from Thy kingly Throne,
O Son of God, the Virgin's Son !
Thou Hero of a two-fold race,
Dost walk in might earth's darkest place.

Thou stoopest once to suffer here,
And risest o'er the starry sphere ;
Hell's gates at Thy descent were riven,
Thy ascent is to highest Heaven.

One with the Father ! Prince of might !
O'er Nature's realm assert Thy right.
Our sickly bodies pine to know
Thy heavenly strength, Thy living glow.

How bright Thy lowly manger beams !
Down earth's dark vale its glory streams,
The splendour of thy natal night
Shines through all Time in deathless light.

ST. AMBROSE, 4th Cent.

VII.

SLEEP.



AKER of all, the Lord,
And Ruler of the height,
Who, robing day in light, haft poured
Soft slumbers o'er the night,
That to our limbs the power
Of toil may be renewed,
And hearts be raised that sink and cower,
And sorrows be subdued.

ST. AMBROSE.



VIII.

REDEMPTION.



ING, my tongue, the glorious battle
With completed victory rife,
And above the Croſs's trophy
Tell the triumph of the strife ;
How the world's Redeemer con-
quered,
By ſurrendering of His life.

God, His Maker, ſorely grieving
That the firſt-born Adam fell,
When he ate the noxious apple
Whose reward was death and hell,
Noted then this wood, the ruin
Of the ancient wood to quell.

For the work of our Salvation
Needs would have His order so,
And the multiform deceiver's
Art by art would overthrow ;
And from thence would bring the medicine
Whence the venom of the foe.

Wherefore, when the sacred fulness
Of the appointed time was come,
This world's Maker left his Father,
Left His bright and heavenly home,
And proceeded, God Incarnate,
From the Virgin's holy womb.

Weeps the infant in the manger
That in Bethlehem's stable stands ;
And His limbs the Virgin Mother
Doth compose in swaddling bands,
Meetly thus in linen folding
Of her God the feet and hands.

Thirty years among us dwelling,
His appointed time fulfilled ;
Given for this, He meets His Passion,
For that this He freely willed ;
On the Cross the Lamb is lifted,
On whose Death our hope we build.

He endured the shame and spitting,
Vinegar, and nails, and reed ;
As His blessed side is opened,
Water thence and blood proceed.
Earth, and sky, and stars, and ocean,
By that flood are cleansed indeed.

Faithful Cross ! above all other
 One and only noble tree !
 None in foliage, none in blossom,
 None in fruit compares with Thee :
 Sweetest wood, and sweetest iron,
 Sweetest weight sustaining free.

Bend thy boughs, O Tree of glory !
 Thy relaxing sinews bend ;
 For awhile the ancient rigour,
 That thy boughs, O Tree of Glory !
 And the King of Heavenly Beauty
 On thy bosom gently tend.

Thou alone was counted worthy
 This world's ransom to uphold ;
 For a shipwrecked world preparing
 Harbour, like the Ark of old ;
 With the Sacred Blood anointed
 From the wounded Lamb that rolled.

Laud and honour to the Father,
 Laud and honour to the Son,
 Laud and honour to the Spirit,
 Ever Three and ever One :
 Consubstantial, Coeternal,
 While unending ages run.

VENANTIUS*, 6th Cent.

* The above, which may be placed in the very first class of Latin hymns, beginning "Pange, lingua, gloriofi," was composed by Venantius Fortunatus, Bishop of Poictiers, during the time of Augustine's mission to this country.

ix.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.



OME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.
Thou the Anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts
impart.

Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace ;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home,
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One ;
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song :

Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.*

GREGORY, 6th Cent.

* This beautiful hymn, so well known from its being introduced in the Ordination Service of the Church of England, has been frequently attributed to Charlemagne in the 8th century, but Mone, in his "Collection of Latin Hymns of the Middle Ages," more correctly adjudges the authorship to Gregory, commonly called "The Great."

x.

THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.



LESSED city, Heavenly Salem,
 Vision dear of peace and love,
 Who, of living stones upbuilded,
 Art the joy of Heaven above,
 And, with Angel cohorts tended,
 As a Bride to earth doft move.

Coming new from highest heaven,
 Ready for the nuptial bed,
 Decked with jewels, to His presence
 By her Lord shall she be led :
 All her streets and all her bulwarks
 Of pure gold are fashioned.

Bright with pearls her portal glitters ;
 It is open evermore :
 And by virtue of their merits
 There each faithful soul may soar
 Who, for Christ's dear Name, in this world
 Pain and tribulation bore.

Many a blow and biting sculpture
 Polished well these stones elect,
 In their places now compacted
 By the mighty Architect ;
 Who therewith hath willed for ever
 That His palace should be decked.

Christ is made the sure Foundation,
And the Precious Corner-stone :
Who, the two-fold walls surmounting,
Binds them closely into one ;
Holy Sion's acception,
And her confidence alone.

All that dedicated City,
Dearly loved by God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody :
God the One, and God the Trinal
Lauding everlastingly.

To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day !
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy servants as they pray :
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within these walls for aye.

Here let all Thy people merit
That they supplicate to gain :
Here to have and hold for ever
Those good things their prayers obtain :
And hereafter, in Thy glory,
With Thy blessed ones to reign.*

* * * * 8th Cent.

* The authorship of this grand hymn, beginning "Urbs Beata Ierusalem," is unknown.

DEATH.



N the midst of life, behold
Death has girt us round ;
Whom for help then shall we pray ?
Where shall grace be found ?
In Thee, O Lord, alone !

We rue the evil we have done,
That Thy wrath on us hath drawn.

Holy Lord and God !
Strong and Holy God !

Merciful and Holy Saviour !
Eternal God !

Sink us not beneath
Bitter pains of endless death ;
Kyrie eleison !

In the midst of death the jaws
Of hell against us gape.
Who from peril dire as this
Openeth us escape ?

'Tis Thou, O Lord, alone !
Our bitter suffering and our sin
Pity from Thy mercy win,

Holy Lord and God !
Strong and Holy God !

Merciful and Holy Saviour !
Eternal God !
Let us not despair
For the fire that burneth there ;
Kyrie eleison !

In the midst of hell, our sins
 Drive us to despair ;
 Whither shall we flee from them ?
 Where is refuge, where ?
 In Thee, Lord Christ, alone ;
 For Thou hast shed Thy precious blood,
 All our sins Thou makest good,
 Holy Lord and God !
 Strong and Holy God !
 Merciful and Holy Saviour !
 Eternal God !
 Let us never fall
 From the true faith's hope for all ;
 Kyrie eleison !

NOTKER, A.D. 900.

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XII.

GLORIOUS SALVATION.



O the Name that brings Salvation,
 Honour, worship, laud we pay ;
 That for many a generation
 Hid in God's foreknowledge lay ;
 But to every tongue and nation
 Holy Church proclaims to-day.

Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
 By the tongue ineffable,

Name of sweetness passing measure,
 To the ear delectable
 'Tis our safeguard and our treasure,
 'Tis our help 'gaint sin and hell.

'Tis the Name for adoration,
 'Tis the Name of Victory ;
 'Tis the Name for meditation
 In the vale of misery :
 'Tis the Name for veneration
 By the citizens on high.

'Tis the Name that whoſo preaches
 Finds it music in his ear :
 'Tis the Name that whoſo teaches
 Finds more sweet than honey's cheer :
 Who its perfect wiſdom reaches
 Makes his ghostly vifion clear.'

'Tis the Name by right exalted
 Over every other name ;
 That when we are fore assaulted,
 Puts our enemies to shame :
 Strength to them that eſe had haltered,
 Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

Jefu, we Thy name adoring,
 Long to ſee Thee as Thou art ;

Of Thy clemency imploring
 So to write it in our heart,
 That, hereafter, upward soaring,
 We with Angels may have part.*

* * * * 10th Cent. (?)

xiii.

HALLELUJAH.



ALLELUJAH, song of sweetnes,
 Voice of joy, celestial lay,
 Hallelujah is the glory
 Of the choirs in heavenly day,
 Which the Angels sing abiding
 In the house of God for aye.

Hallelujah, joyful Mother
 Of the Blest, Jerusalem !
 Hallelujah is the anthem
 That full well befitteth them,
 While to sadnes Babel's rivers
 Exiles on the earth condemn.

Hallelujah, we deserve not
 Here to chant for evermore :
 Hallelujah, our transgressions
 Make us for a while give o'er :
 For the holy time is coming
 That would have us sin deplore.

* A translation of a Latin hymn sung by the Germans.
 Date and author not known.

Wherefore supplicate we, lauding
 Thee O Blessed Trinity,
 We at last may keep our Easter
 In Thy home beyond the sky,
 There to Thee our Hallelujah
 Singing everlastingily.

* * * * 10th Cent.

XIV.

PARADISE.



HERE nor waxing moon nor waning,
 Sun nor stars in courses bright :
 For the Lamb to that glad city
 Shines an everlasting light :
 There the daylight beams for ever,
 All unknown are time and night.

For the saints, in beauty beaming,
 Shine in light and glory pure ;
 Crown'd in triumph's flushing honours,
 Joy in unison secure :
 And in safety tell her battles,
 And their foe's discomfiture.

Freed from every stain of evil,
 All their carnal wars are done ;
 For the flesh, made spiritual,
 And the soul agree in one.
 Peace unbroken spreads enjoyment,
 Sin and scandal are unknown.

Here they live in endless being,
 Passingness has passed away ;
 Here they bloom, they thrive, they flourish,
 For decayed is all decay :
 Lasting energy hath swallowed
 Darkling Death's malignant sway.

Though each one's respective merit
 Hath its varying palm assigned,
 Love takes all as his possession,
 Where his power hath all combined :
 So that all that each possesses
 All partake in unconfined.

CHRIST, Thy soldiers' palm of honour,
 Unto this Thy city free :
 Lead me, when my warfare's girdle
 I shall cast away from me :
 A partaker of Thy bounty
 With Thy blessed ones to be.

Grant me vigour, while I labour
 In the ceaseless battle pressed,
 That Thou mayst, the conflict over,
 Grant me everlasting rest :
 And I may at length inherit
 THEE my portion ever blest.

PETER DAMIAN*, 11th Cent.

* The above stanzas form a portion of the celebrated hymn "De Gloriâ et Gaudiis Paradisi," by a true Christian, though a Roman Cardinal, and are from Mr. Wackerbarth's admirable translation of the same.

xv.

THE LAST DAY.



WHAT terror in Thy forethought,
Ending scene of mortal life !
Heart is sickened, reins are loosened,
Thrills each nerve with terror rise,
When the anxious heart depicth
All the anguish of the strife !

Who the spectacle can image —
How tremendous ! — of that day
When the course of life accomplished,
From the trammels of her clay
Writhes the soul to be delivered,
Agonised to pass away.

Sense hath perished, tongue is rigid,
Eyes are filming o'er in death,
Palpitates the breast, and hoarsely
Gasps the rattling throat for breath :
Limbs are torpid, lips are pallid,
Breaking nature quivereth.

All come round him ! — cogitation,
Habit, word, and deed are there !
All, though much and sore he struggle,
Hover o'er him in the air :
Turn he this way, turn he that way,
On his inmost soul they glare.

Conscience' self her culprit tortures,
Gnawing him with pangs unknown :
For that now amendment's season
Is for ever past and gone ;
And that late repentance findeth
Pardon none for all its moan.

Fleshy lusts of fancied sweetnes
Are converted into gall,
When on brief and bitter pleasure
Everlasting dolours fall ;
Then, what late appeared so mighty,
Oh ! how infinitely small !

Christ, unconquered King of Glory !
Thou my wretched soul relieve
In that most extremest terror
When the body she must leave :
Let the Accuser of the Brethren
O'er me then no power receive !

Let the Prince of Darkness vanish,
And Gehenna's legions fly !
Shepherd, Thou Thy sheep, thus ransomed,
To Thy country lead on high ;
Where for ever in fruition
I may see Thee eye to eye !

PETER DAMIAN, 11th Cent.



xvi.

CHRIST.



HEAD, so full of bruises,
So full of pain and scorn,
'Midst other sore abuses,
Mocked with a crown of thorn !
O head, ere now surrounded
With brightest majesty,
In death now bowed and wounded !
Saluted be by me.

O Lord, what Thee tormented
Was my sin's heavy load !
I had the debt augmented,
Which Thou didst pay in blood :
Here am I, blushing sinner,
On whom wrath ought to light ;
O Thou, my health's beginner,
Let Thy grace cheer my fight.

I'll here with Thee continue,
(Though poor, despise me not),
I'm one of Thy retinue
As were I on the spot,
When, earning my election,
Thy heart-strings broke in death
With shame and love's affection,
I'll watch my latest breath.

I give Thee thanks unfeigned,
O Jesus ! Friend in need !

For what Thy soul sustained,
 When Thou for me didst bleed :
 Grant me to lean, unshaken,
 Upon Thy faithfulness ;
 Until from hence I'm taken
 To see Thee face to face.

Lord, at my dissolution
 Do not from me depart ;
 Support, at the conclusion
 Of life my fainting heart ;
 And when I pine and languish,
 Seized with death's agony,
 Oh, by Thy pain and anguish,
 Set me at liberty !*

ST. BERNARD, 12th Cent.

XVII.

LIFE.



BRIEF life is here our portion,
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care :
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life is *tbere*.

* The above is rather a translation of a translation, taken from one of Paul Gerhard's most beautiful German hymns, and which indeed is almost too original to be properly termed a translation. Paul Gerhard is supposed to be a lineal descendant of Gerhard, the brother of the great St. Bernard, whose love and affection are so glowingly described in that wonderful sermon preached by the Abbot of Clairvaux on his brother's decease.

O happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest !
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest ; —

That we should look, poor wanderers,
To have our home on high !
That worms should seek for dwellings
Beyond the starry sky !

And now we fight the battle,
And then we wear the crown
Of full, and everlasting,
And passionless renown.

Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,—
An endless Sabbath day.

Then, then, from his oppressors,
The Hebrew shall go free,
And celebrate in triumph
The year of Jubilee.

And the sun-lit land that recks not
Of tempest or of fight,
Shall fold within its bosom
Each happy Israelite.

Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around.

And peace, for war is needless,
And rest, for storm is past,
And goal from finished labour,
And anchorage at last.

There God my King and portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

There Jacob unto Israel,
From earthlier self estranged,
And Leah unto Rachel
For ever shall be changed.

There all the halls of Sion
For aye shall be complete ;
And in the land of Beauty
All things of beauty meet.

To thee, O much loved country !
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

The mention of Thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only mansion !
O Paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy.

Beside thy living waters
 All plants are, great and small ;
 The cedar of the forest
 The hyssop of the wall.

With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays.

Thy ageless walls are bounded
 With amethyst unpriced ;
 Thy Saints build up its fabric,
 And the Corner-stone is CHRIST.

Thou hast no shore, fair Ocean ! .
 Thou hast no time, bright day !
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away !

Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower ;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.

Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
 O Bride that know'st no guile ;
 The Prince's sweetest kisses,
 The Prince's loveliest smile.

Unfading lilies, bracelets
 Of living pearl, thine own ;
 The Lamb is ever near Thee,
 The Bridegroom thine alone.

And all thine endless leisure
In sweetest accents sings
The ills that were thy merit,
The joys that are thy King's.

Jerusalem the golden !
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.

I know not, oh, I know not
What social joys are there ;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

And when I fain would sing them,
My spirit fails and faints ;
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the saints.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And many a martyr throng ;

The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

And they beneath their Leader,
 Who conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.

Jerusalem the glorious !
 The joy of the elect,
 O dear and future vision
 That eager hearts expect.

Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
 Ev'n here thy walls discern ;
 To thee my thoughts are kindled,
 And strive, and pant, and yearn.

Jerusalem the only
 That look'ft from Heav'n below,
 For thee is all my glory,
 In me is all my woe.

And though my body may not,
 My spirit seeks thee fain ;
 Till flesh and earth return me
 To earth and flesh again.

O land that feest no sorrow !
 O state that fear'ft no strife !
 O princely bowers ! O land of flowers !
 O realm and home of life ! *

BERNARD, 12th Cent.

* These very beautiful lines form a portion of a lengthy poem "On the Contempt of the World," by Bernard of Cluny, the contemporary of his more illustrious namesake, better known as St. Bernard, one of whose hymns will be found in this collection.

xviii.

HEAVEN.



IGH the angel choirs are raising
 Heart and voice in harmony ;
 The Creator King still praising,
 Whom in beauty there they see.
 Sweetest strains, from soft harps stealing;
 Trumpets, notes of triumph pealing ;
 Radiant wings and white stoles gleaming,
 Up the steps of glory streaming ;
 Where the heavenly bells are ringing,
 Holy, holy, holy ! singing
 To the mighty Trinity !
 Holy, holy, holy ! crying ;
 For all earthly care and sighing
 In that city cease to be !

Every voice is there harmonious,
 Praising God in hymns symphonious ;
 Love each heart with light enfolding,
 As they stand in peace beholding
 There the Triune Deity,
 Whom adore the Seraphim,
 Aye, with love eternal burning ;
 Venerate the Cherubim,
 To their fount of honour turning ;
 Whilst angelic thrones adoring,
 Gaze upon his Majesty.

Oh, how beautiful that region,
 And how fair that heavenly legion,
 Where thus men and angels blend !
 Glorious will that city be,
 Full of deep tranquillity,
 Light and peace from end to end !
 All the happy dwellers there
 Shine in robes of purity ;
 Keep the law of charity,
 Bound in firmest unity ;
 Labour finds them not, nor care,
 Ignorance can ne'er perplex,
 Nothing tempt them, nothing vex ;
 Joy and health their fadeless blessing
 Always all things good possessing.

THOMAS à KEMPIS, 14th Cent.



XIX.

THE LAST DAY.



REAT God, what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created !
 The judge of mankind doth appear
 On clouds of glory seated !
 The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
 The dead, which they contained before ;
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

“ The dead in Christ shall first arise,”
 At the last trumpet’s sounding !

Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding :
No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

Far over space to distant spheres
The lightnings are prevailing ;
The ungodly rise, and all their tears
And cries are unavailing :
The day of grace is past and gone ;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

Stay, Fancy, stay, and close thy wings ;
Repress thy flight too daring ;
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
The Judge my nature wearing ;
Beneath His cross I view the day
When Heaven and Earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

MARTIN LUTHER, 16th Cent.



xx.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.



OME, Holy Spirit, God and Lord,
Be all Thy graces now pour'd
On the believer's mind and soul,
And touch our hearts with living coal.
Thy light this day shone forth so clear,
All tongues and nations gather'd near,
To learn that faith, for which we bring
Glad praise to Thee, and loudly sing,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

Thou Strong Defence, Thou Holy Light,
Teach us to know our God aright,
And call Him Father from the heart :
The word of life and truth impart,
That we may love not doctrines strange,
Nor e'er to other teachers range,
But Jesus for our Master own,
And put our trust in Him alone.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah !

Thou sacred ardour, comfort sweet,
Help us to wait with ready feet
And willing heart at Thy command,
Nor trial fright us from Thy band.
Lord, make us ready with Thy powers,
Strengthen the flesh in weaker hours,
That as good warriors we may force
Through life and death to Thee our course.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah !

MARTIN LUTHER. 1524.

xxi.

HEAVENLY LOVE.



OVE! lift me up upon thy golden wings
From this base world unto thy
heaven's height,
Where I may see those admirable
things

Which there thou workest by thy sovereign
might,
Far above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I there of an heavenly hymn may sing
Unto the God of Love, high heaven's King.

Before this world's great frame, in which all things
Are now contained, found any being place,
Ere flitting time could wag his eyas wings
About that mighty bound which doth embrace
The rolling spheres, and parts their hours by
space,
That high Eternal power, which now doth move
In all these things, moved in itself by love. —

Yet, O most blessed Spirit ! pure lamp of light,
Eternal spring of grace and wisdom true,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren sprite
Some little drop of thy celestial dew,

That may my rhymes with sweet infuse im-
brue,
And give me words equal unto my thought,
To tell the marvels by thy mercy wrought. —

O blessed well of love ! O flower of grace !
O glorious morning star ! O lamp of light !
Most lively image of thy father's face,
Eternal king of glory, Lord of Might,
Meek Lamb of God, before all worlds belight,
How can we requite for all this good ?
Or what can prize that thy most precious blood ? —

With all thy heart, with all thy soul and mind,
Thou must him love, and his behests embrace,
All other loves with which the world doth blind
Weak fancies, and stir up affections base,
Thou must renounce, and utterly displace,
And give thyself unto Him full and free,
That full and freely gave Himself to thee.

Then shalt thou feel thy spirit so possessed,
And ravished with devouring great desire
Of His dear self, that shall thy feeble breast
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeal through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in His sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all world's desire will in thee die,
And all earth's glory on which men do gaze
Seem dust and dross in thy pure-fighted eye,

Compared to that celestial beauty's blaze,
 Whose glorious beams all fleshly sense doth daze
 With admiration of their passing light,
 Blinding the eyes and lumining the sprite.

Then shall thy ravished soul inspired be,
 With heavenly thoughts, far above human
 skill ;
 And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
 Th' idea of His pure glory present still
 Before thy face, that all thy spirit shall fill
 With sweet enrageament of celestial love,
 Kindled through sight of those fair things above.

EDMUND SPENSER, 1560.

XXII.

JOYS OF THE REDEEMED.



BOUT the holy city rolls a flood
 Of molten crystal, like a sea of glas,
 On which weak stream a strong found-
 ation stood :
 Of living diamonds the building was,
 That all things else, besides itself did pas.
 Her streets, instead of stones, the stars did pave,
 And little pearls for dust it seemed to have,
 On which soft streaming manna like pure snow
 did wave.

In midst of this city celestial,
 Where the eternal Temple should have rose,
 Lightened the Idea Beatifical,
 End and beginning of each thing that grows ;
 Whose self no end nor yet beginning knows,
 That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to hear,
 Yet sees and hears, and is all eye, all ear,
 That nowhere is contained, and yet is everywhere.

Changer of all things, yet immutable ;
 Before and after all, the first and last ;
 That moving all, is yet immoveable ;
 Great without quantity ; in whose forecast
 Things past are present, things to come are past ;
 Swift without motion, to whose open eye
 The hearts of wicked men unbrested lie ;
 At once absent and present to them far and nigh.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light,
 No sweet consent, or well-tuned harmony ;
 Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite,
 Or flowery odour mixed with spicery,
 No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily ;
 And yet it is a kind of inward feast,
 A harmony that sounds within the breast,
 An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul doth
 rest.

A heavenly feast no longer can confume ;
 A light unseen, yet shines in every place ;
 A sound no time can steal ; a sweet perfume
 No winds can scatter ; an entire embrace
 That no satiety can e'er unlace ;



Ingraced into so high a favour there,
 The saints with their beaupeers whole worlds
 outwear,
 And things unseen do see, and things unheard do
 hear.

Ye blessed souls, grown richér by your spoil,
 Whose loss, though great, is cause of greater
 gains,
 Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,
 Spending your endleſs evening that remains
 Among those white flocks and celestial trains
 That feed upon their Shepherd's eyes, and frame
 That heavenly music of so wondrous fame,
 Psalming aloud the holy honours of His Name !

GILES FLETCHER, 1610.

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XXIII.

CONTENTMENT.



E thou content ; be still before
 His face, at whose right hand doth
 reign
 Fulneſs of joy for evermore,
 Without whom all thy toil is vain.

He is thy living spring, thy sun, whose rays
 Make glad with life and light thy dreary days.
 Be thou content.

In Him is comfort, light, and grace,
 And changeless love beyond our thought ;
 Theorest pang, the worst disgrace,
 If He is there, shall harm thee not.
 He can lift off thy cross, and loose thy bands,
 And calm thy fears, nay, death is in His hands.
 Be thou content.

Or art thou friendless and alone,
 Hast none in whom thou canst confide ?
 God careth for thee, lonely one,
 Comfort and help He will provide.
 He sees thy sorrows and thy hidden grief,
 He knoweth when to send thee quick relief.
 Be thou content.

Thy heart's unspoken pain He knows,
 Thy secret sighs He hears full well ;
 What to none else thou dar'st disclose,
 To Him thou may'ft with boldness tell.
 He is not far away, but ever nigh,
 And answereth willingly the poor man's cry.
 Be thou content.

We know for us a rest remains,
 When God will give us sweet release
 From earth and all our mortal chains,
 And turn our sufferings into peace.
 Sooner or later death will surely come,
 To end our sorrows and to take us home :
 Be thou content.

Home to the chosen ones, who here
 Served the Lord faithfully and well,
 Who died in peace without a fear,
 And there in peace for ever dwell ;
 The Everlasting is their joy and stay ;
 The Eternal Word Himself to them doth say,
 Be thou content.

PAUL GERHART, 1670.

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xxiv.

GOD THE SON.



ESUS, Thy boundless love to me,
 No thought can reach, no tongue
 declare ;
 O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
 And reign without a rival there :
 Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am ;
 Be Thou alone my constant flame !

O grant that nothing in my soul
 May dwell but Thy pure love alone :
 O may Thy love possess me whole,
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown ;
 Strange flames far from my heart remove —
 May every act, word, thought, be Love !

O Love, how cheering is thy ray !
 All pain before thy presence flies ;
 Care, anguish, sorrow melt away,
 Where'er thy healing beams arise :
 O Jesu, nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee !

Still let Thy love point out my way !
 What wondrous things Thy love hath wrought !
 Still lead me, lest I go astray ;
 Direct my word, inspire my thought ;
 And if I fall, soon may I hear
 Thy voice, and know that love is near.

In suffering, be Thy love my peace ;
 In weakness, be Thy love my power ;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesu, in that important hour,
 In death, as life, be Thou my guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died.

PAUL GERHART.



xxv.

CHRIST.



ELL for him who all things losing,
E'en himself doth count as nought,
Still the one thing needful choosing
That with all true bliss is fraught !

Well for him who nothing knoweth
But his God, whose boundless love
Makes the heart wherein it gloweth,
Calm and pure as saints above !

Well for him who all forsaking,
Walketh not in shadows vain,
But the path of peace is taking
Through this vale of tears and pain !

Oh that we our hearts might sever
From earth's tempting vanities,
Fixing them on Him for ever,
In whom all our fulness lies !

Oh that we might Him discover,
Whom with longing love we've sought,
Joining us to Him for ever,
For without Him all is nought !

Thou abyss of love and goodness,
 Draw us by Thy cross to Thee,
 That our senses, soul and spirit,
 Ever one with Christ may be !

* * * * 17th Cent.



xxvi.

ETERNITY.



ETERNITY, Eternity !
 How long art thou, Eternity !
 A circle infinite art thou,
 Thy centre an eternal Now,
 Never, we name thy outer bound,
 For never end therein is found,
 Ponder, O man, Eternity !

Eternity ! Eternity !
 How long art thou, Eternity !
 A little bird with fretting beak
 Might wear to nought the loftiest peak,
 Though but each thousand years it came ;
 Yet thou wert then, as now, the same.
 Ponder, O man, Eternity ! —

Eternity ! Eternity !
 How long art thou, Eternity !

They who lived poor and naked rest
With God, for ever rich and blest,
And love and praise the highest good,
In perfect bliss and gladsome mood.
Ponder, O man, Eternity ! ——

Eternity ! Eternity !
How long art thou, Eternity !
Lo, I, Eternity, warn thee,
O Man, that oft thou think on me,
The sinner's punishment and pain ;
To them who love their God, rich gain !
Ponder, O Man, Eternity !

WÜLFER, 1648.





PSALMS.

I.

OUR TIMES. PSALM XXXI, 15.



ATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see ;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wife,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side ;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee.
More careful not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer ;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me ;
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth"
That makes Thy children "free ;"
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

ANNA L. WARING.

II.

PSALM XXIII.



HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscapes flow.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

ADDISON.

III.

PSALM XLVI.



OD is our refuge, our strong tower,
Secur'd by His almighty power,
When dangers threatened to devour.

Thus armed, no fears shall chill our
blood,

Though earth no longer stedfast stood,
And shook our hills into the flood.

Although the troubled ocean rise,
In foaming billows to the skies,
And mountains shake with horrid noise ;

Clear streams purl from a crystal spring
Which gladness to God's city bring,
The mansion of the Eternal King.

He in her centre takes His place,
What foe can her fair tower deface,
Protected by His early grace ?

Tumultuary nations rose,
And arm'd troops our walls inclose,
And His feared voice unnerved our foes.

Come, see the wonders He hath wrought,
Who hath to desolation brought
Those kingdoms which our ruin sought.

He makes destructive wars to cease,
The earth deflowered of her increase,
Restores with universal peace.

He breaks their bows, unarms their quivers,
The bloody spear in pieces shivers,
Their chariots to the flame delivers.

Forbear and know that I, the Lord,
Will by all nations be adored;
Praise with unanimous accord.

The Lord of Hosts is on our side ;
The God by Jacob magnified ;
Our strength on whom we have relied.

GEORGE SANDYS, 1599.

IV.

PSALM XLVI.



OD is our refuge in distress,
Our safeguard in the wilderness,
Our shelter from the storm ;
Though winds and waves a conflict
make,

Though earth's foundations reel and shake,
We need not feel alarm.

A peaceful river softly flows
 In tranquil streams to gladden those
 Who put their trust in God ;
 Within His holy place they feel
 The comfort of His presence still
 While oceans roll abroad.

What though the heathen madly rage,
 And kingdoms in fierce war engage,
 When God sends forth His voice ;
 He makes the glittering spear to bend,
 Sends peace to earth's remotest end,
 And bids the world rejoice.

Be still and know that He is God,
 He rules the earth with iron rod,
 And sits enthroned above ;
 He dwells with those who own his name,
 The God of Jacob still the same —
 The God of peace and love.

v.

PSALM LXXII.



AIL to the Lord's Anointed,
 Great David's greater Son !
 Hail ! in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,
 To take away transgression,
 And reign in equity.

He comes with succour speedy
 To those who suffer wrong ;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong ?
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light ;
 Whose souls in misery dying,
 Were precious in His sight.

By such shall He be feared,
 While sun and moon endure,
 Beloved, adored, revered,
 For He shall judge the poor,
 Through changing generations,
 With justice, mercy, truth,
 While stars maintain their stations,
 And moons renew their youth.

He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And joy and hope like flowers
 Spring in his path to birth ;
 Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall Peace, the herald go,
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert ranger
 To Him shall bow the knee ;
 The Ethiopian stranger
 His glory come to see :

With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing :
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore ;
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end :
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest :
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever,
His name—what is it ? —Love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

VI.

PSALM CXXII.



HAT joy, while thus I view the day,
That warns my thirsting soul away,
What transports fill my breast !
For lo ! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to His Rest.

The festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to the hallowed dome,
Thy presence to adore ;
My feet the summons shall attend.
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread th' ethereal floor.

E'en now to my expecting eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise ;
E'en now, with glad survey,
I view her mansions that contain
Th' angelic forms, an awful train,
And shine with cloudless day.

Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo, the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring :
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail the Immortal King :

Great Salem's King, who bids each state
 On her decrees dependent wait ;
 In her, ere time begun,
 High on eternal base upreared,
 His hands the regal seat prepared
 For Jesse's favoured Son.

Mother of cities ! o'er thy head
 See peace, with healing wings outspread,
 Delighted fix her stay.
 How blest, who calls himself thy friend !
 Success his labours shall attend,
 And safety guard his way.

Thy walls, remote from hostile fear,
 Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
 Nor war's wild wastes deplore ;
 There smiling plenty takes her stand,
 And in thy courts with lavish hand
 Has poured forth all her store.

Let me, blest seat, my name behold
 Among thy citizens enroll'd,
 In thee for ever dwell.
 Let Charity my steps attend,
 My sole companion and my friend !
 And Faith and Hope farewell !*

ZUINGER.

* Mr. Merrick's translation of the Latin verses of Zuinger, and found in Melchior Adamus' work, "Vitae Germanorum Medicorum."

VII.

PSALM CXLVIII.

I.



EGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name.
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

II.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair,
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim ;
Tell how He formed your shining frame,
And breathed the fluid air.

III.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound ;
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing ;
Let ev'ry listening faint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

IV.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir ;
Thou, dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid ;



Soon as grey ev'ning gilds the plain,
 Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
 And praife Him in the shade.

v.

Thou, heav'n of heav'ns, His vast abode;
 Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
 Who called yon worlds from night :
 "Ye shades, dispel!" th' Eternal said ;
 At once th' involving darkness fled,
 And nature sprung to light.

vi.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,
 That wings the air, that skims the plains,
 United praise bestow.
 Ye dragons, found His awful name
 To heav'n aloud ; and roar acclaim,
 Ye swelling deeps below.

vii.

Let ev'ry element rejoice :
 Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
 To Him who bids you roll :
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.

viii.

To Him, ye graceful cedars, bow ;
 Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low,
 Your great Creator own ;

Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
How Sinsi kindled at His look,
And trembled at His frown.

IX.

Ye flocks, that haunt the humble vale,
Ye insects, fluttering on the gale,
In mutual concourse rise ;
Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
In incense to the skies.

X.

Wake, all ye mountain tribes, and sing ;
Ye plump warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To Him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.

XL

Let man, by nobler passion swayed,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ ;
Spread His tremendous name around,
Till heaven's broad arch brings back the sound,
The gen'ral burst of joy.

XII.

Ye, whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease,
Fall prostrate at His throne ;

Ye princes, rulers, all adore ;
Praise Him, ye kings, who makes your power
An image of His own.

xiii.

Ye fair, by nature formed to move,
O praise th' eternal source of love
With youth's enlivening fire ;
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh His blessed name — then soar away,
And ask an angel's lyre.

OGILVIE.



MODERN HYMNS.

I.

GOD THE FATHER.



OD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His deep designs,
And works His Sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace :
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His works in vain :
 God is His own interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.

COWPER.



II.

GOD THE FATHER.



OD of my life, to Thee I call ;
 Afflicted, at Thy feet I fall ;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail !

Friend of the friendless and the faint !
 Where shall I lodge my deep complaint ?
 Where but with Thee, whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor ?

Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
 And Thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
 Does not the word still fixed remain,
 That none shall seek Thy face in vain ?

That were a grief I could not bear,
 Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer ;
 But a prayer-hearing, answering God
 Supports me under every load.

Fair is the lot that's cast for me,
 I have an advocate with Thee ;
 They, whom the world caresses most,
 Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
 And he is safe, and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

COWPER.



III.

GOD THE FATHER.



TERNAL Power ! whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God,
 Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve their little rounds.

Thee, while the first archangel sings,
 He hides his face beneath his wings ;
 And ranks of shining thrones around,
 Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
 We would adore our Maker too !
 From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
 The Great, the Holy, and the High.

Earth from afar hath heard Thy fame,
 And worms have learned to lisp Thy name,
 But, oh ! the glories of Thy mind,
 Leaving all our soaring thoughts behind.

God is in heaven, and men below,
 Be short our tunes ; our words be few ;
 A solemn reverence checks our songs,
 And praise fits silent on our tongues.

WATTS.



IV.

GOD THE FATHER.



GOD ! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home !

Under the shadow of Thy throne,
 Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.

Time like an everlasting stream,
Bears all its sins away
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Like flowery fields the nations stand
Pleas'd with the morning light ;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

O God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

WATTS.



v.

GOD THE FATHER.



H Father of Heaven ! look down from above,
Illumine my paths by the light of Thy love,
That sleeping or waking, by night or by day,

My footsteps may ever be found in Thy way.

When the world's bright allurements before me are shining,

And to follow their course my fond heart is inclining—
Oh make me remember how small is their worth,
How empty and vain are the pleasures of earth !

When passions within their wild warfare are waging,
And sinful temptations my mind are engaging,
Be Thy arm my support, and if virtue should shrink,
Uphold the weak nature, which haply might sink.

When my soul is o'erwhelm'd by the waves of distress,
And doubt and despair my faint spirits oppress,
May the Beacon of Faith, beaming bright from above,
Guide my tempest-tost bark to Thy harbour of love !

When disease this corruptible form shall assail,
And human assistance no more can avail,
Be Thy mercy my stay when I draw my last breath,
And Thy grace my support through the valley of death !

And oh ! when the trumpet shall sound from on high,
 And the Saviour and Judge shall appear in the sky,
 May I hear the words spoken, " Thy sins are forgiven,"
 May my portion be that of the blessed in heaven !

C. A. S.

VI.

GOD THE FATHER.



PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen
 With garlands gay of various green ;
 I praised the sea, whose ample field
 Shone glorious as a silver shield ;
 And earth and ocean seemed to say,
 " Our beauties are but for a day ! "

I praised the sun, whose chariot roll'd
 On wheels of amber and of gold ;
 I praised the moon, whose softer eye
 Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky !
 And moon and sun in answer said,
 " Our days of light are numbered."

O God ! O Good beyond compare !
 If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
 If thus Thy bounties gild the span
 Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
 How glorious must the mansion be,
 Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee !

BISHOP HEBER.

VII.

GOD THE SON.



HE Lord of might, from Sinai's brow,
Gave forth His voice of thunder ;
And Israel, on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder,
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand and His right,
The rocks were rent asunder !

The Lord of love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye,
In nature's hour of danger.
For us He bore the weight,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated ;
With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated !

BISHOP HEBER.

viii.

GOD THE SON.



ORD ! let my heart still turn to Thee,
In all my hours of waking thought,
Nor let this heart e'er wish to flee,
Or think, or feel, where Thou art not!

In every hour of pain and woe,
When nought on earth this heart can cheer,
When sighs will burst and tears will flow,
Lord, hush the sigh and chase the tear.

In every dream of earthly bliss,
Do Thou, dear Jesus, present be ;
Nor let a thought of happiness
On earth intrude apart from Thee !

To my last lingering thought at night,
Do Thou, Lord Jesus, still be near ;
And e'er the dawn of opening light,
In still small accents wake mine ear.

Whene'er I read Thy sacred Word,
Bright on the page in glory shine ;
And let me say, " This precious Lord
In all His full salvation's mine."

And when before the throne I kneel,
Hear from that throne of grace my prayer,
And let each hope of heaven I feel
Burn with the thought to meet Thee there.

Thus teach me, Lord, to look to Thee
 In every hour of waking thought ;
 Not let me ever wish to be,
 Or think, or feel, where Thou art not !

LADY POWERSOURT.



IX.

GOD THE SON.



HOU blessed Saviour, sacred Spring,
 As clear as crystal glistening ;
 Thou stream of blessing, pure and
 free,
 All splendour of the Cherubim,
 And holiness of Seraphim,
 Is darkness when compared with Thee !
 O Thou my pattern here,
 Make me Thy image bear ;
 My all in all,
 Oh, teach Thou me,
 And let me be,
 All pure and holy like to Thee.

Oh, gentle Jesus, as Thy will
 Was subject to Thy Father's still,
 Yea, even unto death resigned ;
 Oh, let me thus like Thee be passive,
 My heart and will to Thee submissive,
 Guided entirely by Thy mind ;

Like Thee may I be mild,
 And gentle as a child,
 As docile too !
 Ah, teach Thou me,
 And let me be
 Meek and obedient, like Thee.

THOLUCK.

—••—
x.

GOD THE SON.



ESUS, my Lord, 'tis sweet to rest
 Upon Thy tender, loving breast,
 Where deep compassions ever roll
 Towards my helpless, weary soul.

Thy love, my Saviour, dries my tears,
 Expels my griefs, and calms my fears ;
 Sheds light and gladness o'er my heart,
 And bids each anxious thought depart.

Blest foretaste this of joys to come
 In Thy eternal, heavenly home ;
 Where I shall see Thy smiling face,
 And know Thy rich, unfathomed grace.

That grace sustains my spirit now,
 Though still a pilgrim here below ;
 That grace suffices, comforts, guides,
 Upholds, defends, preserves, provides.

Yes, Thou art with me, O my God,
 To bear me on to Thy abode,
 Where I shall never cease to prove
 Thy deep, divine, unfailing love.

Help me to praise Thee day by day,
 Till earth's dark scenes are passed away,
 Till in Thine own unclouded light
 Thy glory satisfies my sight.

H. B.

xi.

GOD THE SON.



EHOLD! th' Ambassador divine,
 Descending from above,
 To publish to mankind the law
 Of everlasting love !

On Him, in rich effusion poured,
 The heavenly dew descends ;
 And truth divine He shall reveal
 To earth's remotest ends.

No trumpet sound, at His approach,
 Shall strike the wondering ears ;
 But still and gentle breathes the voice
 In which the God appears.

By His kind hand the shaken reed
 Shall raise its falling frame,
 The dying embers shall revive,
 And kindle to a flame.

The onward progress of His zeal
 Shall never know decline ;
 Till foreign lands and distant isles
 Receive the law divine.

* * *



XII.

GOD THE SON.



ESUS, these eyes have never seen
 That radiant form of Thine,
 The veil of sense hangs dark between
 Thy blessed face and mine.

I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
 Yet art Thou oft with me,
 And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
 As where I meet with Thee.

* * *



XIII.

GOD THE SON.



ESUS, Thy Blood and Righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress :
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
“Jesus hath lived and died for me.”

Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay ?
Fully through Thee absolved I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners Thee proclaim,—
Sinners of whom the chief I am.

This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

Oh, let the dead now hear Thy voice ;
 Bid, Lord, Thy banished ones rejoice ;
 Their beauty this, their glorious drefs,
 Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

ZINZENDORF.*

XIV.

GOD THE SON.



AMB of God, who Thee receive,
 Who in Thee desire to live,
 Cry by night and day to Thee,
 As Thou art, so let us be.

Fix, O fix our wavering mind,
 To Thy cross us firmly bind :
 Gladly now we would be clean,
 Cleanse our hearts from every sin.

Dust and ashes though we be,
 Full of guilt and misery ;
 Thine we are, Thou Christ of God,
 Take the purchase of Thy blood.

* This beautiful hymn is usually attributed in modern collections to Charles Wesley, but it was originally composed by that faintly Moravian, Count Zinzendorf, on his voyage to the West Indies, A.D. 1736. Like the character of the author, it approaches more nearly those of ancient times than the usual compositions of the present day.

Sinners who in Thee believe,
 Everlasting life receive ;
 They with joy behold Thy face,
 Triumph in Thy pardoning grace.

Life deriving from Thy death,
 They proceed from faith to faith ;
 Walk the new, the living way,
 Leading to eternal day.

Blessed are those who follow Thee,
 While this light of life they see ;
 Filled with Thy sacred love,
 They Thy quickening power prove.

Praise on earth to Thee be given,
 Never-ceasing praise in heaven ;
 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
 Love unspeakable, are Thine !

SCHINDLER.



xv.

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.



PIRIT of Mercy, Truth and Love !
 O shed Thine influence from above,
 And still from age to age convey
 The wonders of this sacred day.

In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's amazing glory sung;
And let the listening earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

Unfailing Comfort! Heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy Holy Church preside;
Still may mankind Thy blessings prove,
Spirit of Mercy, Truth, and Love.

* * *

—○—

XVI.

NARAYENA*, THE HOLY SPIRIT.



PIRIT of Spirits, who through every p
Of space expanded and of endless tin
Beyond the stretch of labouring thoug
sublime,
Bad'ft uproar into beauteous order sta
Before Heaven was, Thou art.

Ere spheres beneath us roll'd on spheres above,
Ere earth in firmamental ether hung,
Thou sat'ft alone, till through Thy mystic love,
Things unexisting to existence sprung,
And grateful descant sung.

* Narayena, in the Sanskrit, signifies "The Spirit of God, or He who moved on the Waters, which we know to have been the work of the Third Person in the Trinity, according to Genesis i. 2.

What first impelled Thee to exert Thy might?
 Goodness unlimited. What glorious light
 Thy power directed? Wisdom without bound—
 What proved it first. Oh! guide my fancy right,
 Oh! raise from cumbrous ground
 My soul in rapture drowned,
 That fearless it may soar on wings of fire;
 For Thou, who only know'st, Thou only canst inspire!

My soul absorbed One only Being knows,
 Of all perceptions One abundant Source,
 Whence every object every moment flows:
 Suns here derive their force,
 Hence planets learn their course;
 But suns and fading worlds I view no more—
 God only I perceive, God only I adore!

• • •

XVII.

THE TRINITY.



THOU, whom neither time nor space
 Can comprehend, unseen, unknown;
 Nor Faith in boldest flight can trace,
 Save through Thy Spirit and Thy Son!

And Thou, who from Thy bright abode,
 To us in mortal weakness shown,
 Didst graft the manhood into God,
 Eternal, Co-Eternal, Son!

And Thou, whose Unction from on High,
By Comfort, Light, and Love is known ;
Who, with the parent Deity,
Dread Spirit ! art for ever ONE.

Great First and Last ! Thy blessing give ;
And grant us faith, Thy gift alone —
To love and praise Thee while we live,
And do whate'er Thou would'ft have done.

* * *

XVIII.

MORNING HYMN.



HESE are Thy glorious works, Parent
of good,
Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair ; Thyself how
wondrous then !

Unspeakable, Who sitt'ft above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels ; for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoicing : ye in heaven ;
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,

If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.

* * * *

His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune His praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls : ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep ;
Witness, if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still
To give us only good ; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

MILTON.



xix.

MORNING HYMN.



AST thou a charm to stay the Morning Star
 In his steep course ? so long he seems to
 pause
 On thy bald, awful head, O Sovran Blanc ?
 The Arvè and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most mighty form !
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently ! Around thee and above,
 Deep is the air, and dark, substantial black ;
 An ebon mass ; methinks thou piercest it
 As with a wedge ! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from Eternity.

O dread and silent mount ! I gazed upon thee
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought ; entranced in prayer
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet like some sweet beguiling melody,
 So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
 Yea with my life, and life's own secret joy,
 Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing there,
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven !
 Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise

Thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy ! Awake !
Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart, awake !
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.
Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale !
O, struggling with the darkness all night long,
And all night visited by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink ;
Companion of the Morning Star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald ; wake, O wake, and utter praise !
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad !
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down these precipitous, black, jagged rocks
For ever shattered, and the same for ever ?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?
And who commanded (and the silence came)
Here let the billows slissen and have rest ?

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow,
Adown enormous ravines slope amain,
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amidst their maddest plunge !
Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
Who made you glorious as the Gates of Heaven

Beneath the keen full Moon ? Who bade the Sun
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?

God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !
 God ! sing ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice !
 Ye pine groves with your soft and soul-like sounds !
 And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !

Ye living flowers, that skirt the eternal frost !
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm !
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !
 Ye signs and wonders of the elements !
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise !

Thou, too, hoar Mount, with thy sky-pointing peaks,
 Oft from whose feet the Avalanche, unheard,
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
 Into the depths of clouds that veil thy breast.
 Thou, too, again stupendous Mountain ! thou,
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
 In adoration, upward from thy base
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
 To rise before me —

Rise, O ever rise !
 Rise, like a cloud of incense from the earth !
 Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,

Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
 Great Hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

COLERIDGE.



xx.

MORNING HYMN.



UES of the rich unfolding morn,
 That ere the glorious sun be born,
 By some soft touch invisible,
 Around his path are taught to fwell ; —

Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay,
 That dancest forth at opening day,
 And brushing by with joyous wing,
 Wakest each little leaf to sing. —

Oh ! timely happy, timely wise,
 Hearts that with rising morn arise !
 Eyes that the beam celestial view,
 Which evermore makes all things new !

New every morning is the love,
 Our wakening and uprising prove ;
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
 Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.——

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see :
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain,
Untired we ask, and ask again,
Ever, in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before ; ——

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all to espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell ;
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky :

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more ; content with these,
 Let present Rapture, Comfort, Ease,
 As Heaven shall bid them, come and go :—
 The secret this of Rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
 Fit us for perfect Rest above ;
 And help us, this and every day,
 To live more nearly as we pray.

KEBLE.



xxi.

CHRISTMAS.



HAT sudden blaze of song,
 Spreads o'er the expanse of Heaven ?
 In waves of light it thrills along,
 Th' angelic signal given—
 “Glory to God !” from yonder cen-
 tral fire,
 Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry quire ;

Like circles widening round
 Upon a clear blue river,
 Orb after orb, the wondrous found
 Is echoed on for ever :

“Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
 And love towards men of love, salvation and release.”

Yet stay, before thou dare
 To join that festal throng,
 Listen, and mark what gentle air
 First stirred the tide of song ;
 'Tis not, "the Saviour born in David's home,
 To whom for power and health obedient worlds
 should come :"—

'Tis not "the Christ the Lord :"—
 With fix'd adoring look
 The choir of Angels caught the word,
 Nor yet their silence broke ;
 But when they heard the sign, where Christ should be,
 In sudden light they shone and heavenly harmony.

Wrapped in His swaddling bands,
 And in His manger laid,
 The hope and glory of all lands,
 Is come to the world's aid ;
 No peaceful home upon His cradle smil'd,
 Guests rudely went and came, where slept the royal
 Child.

But where Thou dwellest, Lord,
 No other thought should be,
 Once duly welcom'd and ador'd,
 How should I part with Thee ?
 Bethlehem must lose Thee soon, but Thou wilt grace
 The single heart to be Thy sure abiding-place.—

O faint ye not for fear —
 What though your wandering sheep,
 Reckless of what they see and hear,
 Lie lost in wilful sleep ?
 High Heaven, in mercy to your sad annoy,
 Still greets you with glad tidings of immortal joy.

Think on th' eternal home,
 The Saviour left for you ;
 Think on the Lord most holy, come
 To dwell with hearts untrue :
 So shall ye tread untir'd His pastoral ways,
 And in the darkness sing your carol of high praise.

KEBLE.



XXII.

EPIPHANY.



RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
 Morning,
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us
 thine aid ;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;
 Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

BISHOP HEBER.



ORD, Thy life let us receive,
For in Thee we do believe ;
Let Thy body and Thy blood
Be to us our soul's best food.

Crush and kill each secret sin,
That would reign our hearts within;
Let our hearts Thy temple be,
Pure to praise and worship Thee.

Jesus, at Thy latest feast,
John once leaned upon Thy breast ;
Fill'd like him, with love divine,
Let us on Thy breast recline.

More than to parched land soft showers,
More than dews to drooping flowers,
Precious be to us Thy grace,
Till we see Thee face to face.

Now prepare us, Lord, we pray,
For that dread and glorious day ;
Make us daily more and more,
Holier, happier, than before.

Father of the Eternal Son,
Let Thy will in us be done ;
Now, and till our latest hour,
Change us by the Spirit's power.*

In this feast, and in Thy word,
Gazing on Thy glories, Lord,
More like Thee to us become,
Heavenly for our heavenly home.

CHURTON.

* 2 Cor. iii. 18.

xxiv.

THE EUCHARIST.



READ of the world in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed !
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead !

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed ;
And be Thy feast to us the token,
That by Thy grace our souls are fed !

BISHOP HEBER.



xxv.

THE CROSS.



ESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee ;
All things else for Thee forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;
Yet how rich is my condition !
God and Heav'n are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me ;
It has left my Saviour too ;—
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And whilst Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might !
Foes may hate, and friends disown me—
Show Thy face and all is bright.

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain ;
In Thy service, pain is pleasure,
With Thy favour, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on Thee ;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,
Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me ;
Oh 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find in ev'ry station
Something still to do or bear.

Think what spirit dwells within thee ;
 Think what Father's love is thine ;
 Think that Jesus died to win thee,—
 Child of Heaven, canst thou repine ?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer ;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope shall change to full fruition,
 Faith to fight, and prayer to praise.

LYTE.



xxvi.

THE CROSS.



HEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the cross of Christ my God ;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so bright a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

WATTS.



xxvii.

THE RESURRECTION.



HOU shalt rise, my dust! thou shalt arise !
Not always closed thine eyes ;
Thy life's first Giver,
Will give thee life for ever.
Ah, praise His name !

Sown in darkness, but to bloom again,
When, after winter's reign,
Jesus is reaping
The seed now quietly sleeping.
Ah, praise His name !

Day of praise ! for thee, thou wondrous day,
In my quiet grave I stay ;
And when I number
My days and nights of slumber,
Thou wakest me !

Then, as they who dream, we shall arise,
 With Jesus to the skies,
 And find that morrow,
 The weary pilgrim's sorrow,
 All past and gone.

Then within the Holiest, I tread,
 By my Redeemer led,
 Through Heaven soaring,
 His holy name adoring
 Eternally.

KLOPSTOCK.



XXVIII.

THE RESURRECTION.



HAT sinners value I resign,
 Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine ;
 I shall behold Thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream, an empty show,
 But the bright world to which I go,
 Hath joys substantial and sincere :
 When shall I wake and find me there ?

Oh glorious hour ! oh blest abode !
 I shall be near and like my God ;
 And flesh and sin no more controul
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

WATTS.

XXIX.

ST. STEPHEN.

HE Son of God goes forth to war,
 A kingly crown to gain ;
 His blood-red banner streams afar :
 Who follows in His train ?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
 Triumphant over pain ;
 Who patient bears his cross below,
 He follows in His train !

The martyr first, whose eagle eye,
 Could pierce beyond the grave ;
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain ;
 He pray'd for them that did the wrong !
 Who follows in his train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came ;
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
 And mock'd the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
 The lion's gory mane ;
 They bow'd their necks the death to feel !
 Who follows in their train ?

A noble army—men and boys,
 The matron and the maid—
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light array'd.

They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven,
 Through peril, toil, and pain !
 Oh God ! to us may grace be given,
 To follow in their train !

BISHOP HEBER.



xxx.

JERUSALEM.



HY own musician, Lord, inspire,
 And may my consecrated lyre
 Repeat the Psalmist's part !
 His son and Thine reveal in me,
 And fill with sacred melody
 The fibres of my heart.

So shall I charm the listening throng,
 And draw the living stones along
 By Jesu's tuneful name.
 The living stones shall dance, shall rise,
 And form a city in the skies,
 The New Jerusalem.

CHARLES WESLEY.

XXXI.

JERUSALEM.



ERUSALEM ! Jerusalem ! enthroned
 once on high,
 Thou favour'd home of God on earth,
 thou heaven below the sky !
 Now brought to bondage with thy
 sons, a curse and grief to see,
 Jerusalem ! Jerusalem ! our tears shall flow for thee.

O, hadst thou known thy day of grace, and flock'd
 beneath the wing
 Of Him who call'd thee lovingly, thine own anointed
 King !
 Then had the tribes of all the world gone up thy
 pomp to see,
 And glory dwelt within thy gates, and all thy sons
 been free.

“ And who art thou that mournest me ? ” replied the
ruin grey,

“ And fear’st not rather that thyself may prove a cast-
away ?

I am a dried and abject branch, my place is given to
thee ;

But woe to every barren graft of thy wild olive-tree !

“ Our day of grace is sunk in night, our time of mercy
spent,

For heavy was my children’s crime, and strange their
punishment ;

Yet gaze not idly on our fall, but, sinner, warned be,
Who spared not His chosen seed may fend His wrath
on thee.

“ Our day of grace is sunk in night, thy noon is in its
prime ;

Oh turn and seek thy Saviour’s face, in this accepted
time !

So, Gentile, may Jerusalem a lesson prove to thee,
And in the New Jerusalem thy home for ever be ! ”

BISHOP HEBER.



xxxii.

HALLELUJAH.



ARK! the song of Jubilee ;
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea
 When it breaks upon the shore :
Hallelujah ! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign ;
Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah !—hark ! the sound
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies :
 See Jehovah's banners furled,
 Sheathed His sword : He speaks—'tis done,
 And the kingdoms of the world
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole,
 With illimitable sway ;
 He shall reign when like a scroll
 Yonder heavens have passed away :
 Then the end !—beneath His rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

xxxiii.

SONG OF THE ANGELS.



AIL! Hail! Hail!
Welcome to your realm of beauty!
Welcome to your blest abode!
Thus, with mingled love and duty,
We, the elder sons of God,
Join our voices to salute ye,
Pour our echoing strains abroad;
Now let triumph ride the gale,
Peace and joy and praise prevail!
It is finished! Hail! All-hail!

Finished is the six-days' wonder,
Since Jehovah's voice of might,
From the secret place of thunder,
Spake the word, and there was light.
We have watched the glad returning
Of the day-star to the earth,
From the chamber of the Morning
Marching like a bridegroom forth.

We have watched the grand progression
Of the changes, as they passed
Through each beautiful succession,
Ye the loveliest! ye the last!
'Tis the Sabbath of Creation!
God upon His throne doth rest;
And His smile of approbation,
All His perfect work hath blest.

Of the mighty lyre of Nature
Harmonized is every chord ;
And the least and loftiest creature
Breathes thanksgiving to the Lord.
Ye, in whom the beauty liveth,
We have longed and watched to view,
Praise with us the God who giveth
You to us and us to you.

For ye,—for ye have a soul like ours ;
It heaves in your bosom, it beams thro' your eye ;
Baptized in the feelings, endowed with the powers,
That burn through the depth of eternity.
And happy are we, unto whom 'tis given,
To tend you as guardians, and cheer you as friends,
Happy to speed from our homes in Heaven,
And carry the blessings your Father sends.

We will encamp you around by night,
Your holy rest to keep ;
Like the hills that watch in shadowy night
Round the lake so pure and deep,
Which dreaming of distant worlds of light,
Lies locked in their arms asleep.

And as that still lake awakes and rejoices,
When Zephyr his play-mates hath found ;
That dance to shore with their liquid voices,
Telling their joy around ;
So ye shall awake at our gentle call,
From your pillow of fern and heather ;
And we'll sing to the God and Father of all,
Our Matin praise together.

When past the freshness of the dawning,
And spent the spirits of the breeze ;
When fiery noon comes down, embrowning
The slippery turf beneath the trees ;
Our wings shall interweave an awning,
Of cooler shade than these.

And when the sapphire gates of even
Open to realms beyond ;
When Earth to the embrace of Heaven,
Doth glowingly respond ;
When sweet and slumbrous melodies
O'er land and water creep,
As Nature fits, with half-shut eyes,
Singing herself to sleep.

Ye shall catch the gleam of our golden hair,
In the wake of the sinking sun ;
And we'll wander on earth, or hover in air,
With our robes of glory on.
And those whose mission with daylight closes,
As homeward they hie them fast,
Shall leave you a chaplet of Heaven's own roses,
On the mountain they touched the last.

Yet not to the animal taste alone
Is our office of love confined ;
We will minister pleasures of loftier tone,
To the subtler sense of mind.
In the beauty that wooes the eye around,
In the music that haunts the ear,
Ye shall feel a presence more profound,
Than aught that ye see and hear.



A voice from the ocean's world of wonder,
From the mountain's crest elate,
From the rushing wind, from the rolling thunder,
Announces "God is Great."
Where in the forest's lonely place,
The fountain dwells secure ;
With smiles upon its dimpled face,
It tells us "God is Pure."

The humblest flower, the tiniest creature,
That creeps, or swims, or flies,
Joins with the mightier forms of nature
To attest that "God is Wise."
The blessing with the sunshine given,
Wakes joy in field and grove ;
Heaven speaks to earth, and earth to Heaven
Makes answer "God is Love."

Thus borrowing from material things
A token and a tone,
We'll teach of love, whose secret springs
God sees and God alone.——
And would ye know what deeds are done
In other worlds afar ?
And call down teachers many a one,
From planet and from star ?

Delightful task, to single out
Some twinkling point of light
From all the diamonds wreathed about
The coronal of night ;

And draw you of its scenery
 A landscape grand and strange,
 And trace through all its history
 The wondrous path of change !

Yet there be vast and dim dominions,
 Ocean without a shore,
 Which not the boldest angel-pinions
 Have ventured to explore ;
 And there be mysteries fathomless,
 Wrought in a realm of fire,
 Whereat the Cherubim may guesst,
 But have not dared enquire.

One thing we know, that ages back,
 Before your earth was made,
 There rose a cloud, so densely black
 It cast e'en Heaven in shade.
 That darkness past, and light on high
 Again serenely shone ;
 But when we looked along the sky,
 Ten thousand stars were gone !

Again the angel-watch was set
 The eternal gates before ;
 But many a face we there had met,
 We met again no more.
 God o'er their fate a veil has spread,
 Nor further may we win ;
 Save of its cause a rumour dread,
 That sighed the name of sin.

God guard us safe from aught of ill,
 In knowledge or in deed !
 To know His love, to do His will —
 We ask no higher meed.
 May naught avert the blessing given
 His creatures at their birth ;
 Disturb the harmonies of Heaven,
 Or mar the peace of earth.

HANKINSON.

—•••—
 XXXIV.

DEATH.



HE feeble pulse, the gasping breath,
 The clenched teeth, the glazed eye,—
 Are these thy sting, thou dreadful death ?
 O grave, are these thy victory ?

The mourners by our parting bed,
 The wife, the children weeping nigh,
 The dismal pageant of the dead —
 These, these are not thy victory !

But from the much-loved world to part,
 Our lust untamed, our spirit high,
 All nature struggling at the heart,
 Which, dying, feels it dare not die !

To dream through life a gaudy dream
 Of pride, and pomp, and luxury.

Till waken'd by the nearer gleam
Of burning, boundless agony;

To meet o'er soon our angry King,
Whose love we passed unheeded by—
Is this, O death, thy deadliest sting?
O grave, and this thy victory?

O Searcher of the secret heart,
Who deigned for sinful man to die!
Restore us ere the spirit part,
Nor give to hell the victory.

BISHOP HEBER.*

—••—

XXXV.

PRAYER.



O up and watch the new-born rill
Just trickling from its mossy bed,
Streaking the heath-clad hill
With a bright emerald thread.

Can't thou her bold career foretell,
What rocks she shall o'erleap or rend,
How far in Ocean's swell
Her freshening billows send?

* This powerful description of untamed sin at its closing hour will more forcibly remind the reader of that awful hymn by Peter Damian on "the Last Day," which is given in this collection, than what is usually found in modern compositions.

Perchance that little brook shall flow
The bulwark of some mighty realm,
Bear navies to and fro
With monarchs at their helm.

Even so, the course of prayer who knows?
It springs in silence where it will,
Springs out of sight, and flows
At first a lonely rill :

But streams shall meet it by and by
From thousand sympathetic hearts,
Together swelling high
Their chaunt of many parts.

Unheard by all but angel ears
The good Cornelius knelt alone,
Nor dreamed his prayers and tears
Would help a world undone.

The while upon his terraced roof
The loved Apostle to his Lord
In silent thought aloof
For heavenly vision soared,

Far o'er the glowing western main
His wistful brow was upward raised,
Where, like an Angel's train
The burnished water blazed.

The saint beside the ocean prayed,
The soldier in his chosen bower,
Where all his eye surveyed
Seemed sacred in that hour.

To each unknown his brother's prayer,
 Yet brethren true in dearest love
 Were they, — and now they share
 Fraternal joys above.

KREEBLE.

—•—
xxxvi.

PRAYER.



FATHER of all, in every age,
 In every clime adored ;
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, our Lord.

If I am right, Thy grace impart
 Still in the right to stay ;
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.

Teach me to feel another's woe ;
 To hide the faults I see ;
 The mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

POPE.



XXXVII.

PRAYER.



AYER, the Churche's banquet, Angels'
age,
God's breath in man returning to his
birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pil-
grimage,
The Christian plummet sounding Heav'n and earth.

Engine against th' Almightye, sinner's towre,
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
The fix-daiies-world transposing in an houre,
A kinde of tune, which all things heare and fear.

Softnesse, and peace, and joy, and love, and blisse,
Exalted Manna, gladnesse of the best,
Heaven in ordinarie, man well drest,
The milkie way, the bird of Paradise.

Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's blood,
The land of spices, something understood.

GEORGE HERBERT.



xxxviii.

PRAYER.



PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters Heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While Angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold he prays ! "

The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind ;
While with the Father and the Son
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jefus on th' eternal throne
For finners intercedes.

O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself haft trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

XXXIX.

SAVOUR.



OME sweet favour of Thy favour
Shed abroad in every heart:
Heaven-ward as to Thee we go,
Leaving guilt and fear below—
Blessing, praising without ceasing,
Bid us, Lord, depart.

* * *



XL.

MERCIES.



ENDER mercies on my way
 Falling softly like the dew,
 Sent me freshly every day,
 I will bless the Lord for you.

Though I have not all I would,
 Though to greater bliss I go,
 Every present gift of good
 To eternal love I owe.

Source of all that comforts me,
 Well of joy for which I long,
 Let the song I sing to Thee
 Be an everlasting Song.

ANNA L. WARING.

XLI.

ETERNITY.



OME, Brethren, let us go !
 The evening closeth round ;
 'Tis perilous to linger here
 On this wild desert ground.
 Come towards eternity.
 Press on from strength to strength,
 Nor dread your journey's toils nor length,
 For good its end shall be. —

Come, wander on with joy,
For shorter grows the way,
The hour that frees us from the flesh
Draws nearer day by day.
A little truth and love,
A little courage yet,
More free from earth, more apt to set
Your hopes on things above.

For this all things we dare,—
'Tis worth the risk I trow,—
Renouncing all that clogs our course,
Or weighs us down below.
O world, thou art too small,
We seek another higher,
Whither Christ guides us ever nigher,
Where God is all in all.

Friend of our perfect choice,
Thou Joy of all that live,
Being that know'ft not chance or change,
What courage dost Thou give !
All beauty, Lord, we see,
All bliss and life and love,
In Him in whom we live and move,
And we are glad in Thee.

TERSTEEGEN, 1731.



XLII.

EVENING HYMN.



ARK ! the Vesper Hymn is stealing
O'er the waters soft and clear ;
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
Now it bursts upon the ear.
Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear—

Now like moonlight waves retreating,
To the shore it dies along ;
Now like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song.
Hush ! again like waves retreating,
To the shore it dies along.

THOMAS MOORE.



XLIII.

EVENING HYMN.



N the dewy breath of Even,
Thousand odours mingling rise,
Borne like incense up to Heaven,
Nature's Evening Sacrifice.
With her balmy offerings blending,
Let our glad thanksgivings be
To Thy throne, O Lord, ascending,
Incense of our hearts to Thee !

Praise we yield, yet still while dwelling
 On the thanks Thy mercies claim,
 Darker thoughts their tale are telling,
 Full of grief, and full of shame.
 Oft rebellious, oft mistaken,
 Sorrowing, at Thy feet we bow ;
 Yet, 'though Thee we have forsaken,
 O our God ! forsake not Thou !

Thou, whose favours without number,
 All our days with gladness bless,
 Let Thine eye, which knows not slumber,
 Guard our hours of helplessness :
 And, when life is closing round us,
 Dark with anguish, faint with fear,
 Let Thy beams of love surround us,
 Let us know and feel Thee near !

* * *

XLIV.

EVENING HYMN.



IS gone, that bright and orbéd blaze,
 Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;
 Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
 The last faint pulse of quivering light.

Sun of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if Thou be near :
 Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes !

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live :
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
 Steer through the tempest Thine own ark :
 Amid the howling wintry sea,
 We are in port if we have Thee.*

Oh by Thine own sad burthen, borne
 So meekly up the hill of scorn,
 Teach Thou *Thine own* their daily cross
 To bear as Thine, nor count it loss !

KEBLE.

* John vi. 21.





O D E S.

I.

GOD.



THOU Eternal One! whose presence
bright
All space doth occupy, all motion
guide ;
Unchanged through Time's all ever-
lasting flight,

Thou only God : there is no God beside.
Being above all beings ! Mighty One !
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore ;
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,
Being whom we call *God*, and know no more.

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the Ocean deep, may count
The sands, or the sun's rays ; but God ! for Thee
There is no weight or measure ; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries ; reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark ;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in Eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness did call,
 First chaos, then existence,—Lord, on Thee
 Eternity had its foundation ; all
 Spring forth from Thee ; all light, joy, harmony,
 Sole origin—all life, all beauty, Thine.
 Thy word created all, and doth create ;
 Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine ;
 Thou art and wert ; and shalt be glorious ! great !
 Life-giving, life-sustaining, Potentate !

Thy chains th' immeasured universe surround ;
 Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath !
 Thou the beginning with the end haft bound,
 And beautifully mingled life and death !
 As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
 So funs are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee,
 And as the spangles on the sunny rays
 Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
 Of Heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
 Wander unwearied through the blue abyss ;
 They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
 All gay with life, all eloquent with blis.
 What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal light ?
 A glorious company of golden streams ?
 Lamps of celestial ether burning bright ?
 Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams ?
 But Thou to these art as the Moon to night.

Yes ! As a drop of water in the Sea,
 All this magnificence in Thee is lost :—

What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee ?
 What am I then ? Heaven's unnumbered host,
 Though multiplied by myriads and arrayed
 In all the glory of sublimest thought,
 Is but an atom in the balance weighed
 Against Thy greatness — is a cypher brought
 Against infinity ! What am I then ? — *nought.*

Nought — but the influence of Thy light divine,
 Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too !
 Yes, in my spirit doth Thy Spirit shine,
 As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
 Nought — but I live, and on Hope's pinions fly
 Eager towards Thy presence : for in Thee
 I live, and breathe, and dwell ; I lift my eye
 Even to the throne of Thy divinity ;
 I am, O God, and surely Thou must be !

THOU ART ! directing, guiding all. **THOU ART !**
 Direct my understanding then to Thee ;
 Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart ;
 Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
 Still I am something fashioned by Thy hand ;
 I hold a middle rank 'twixt Heaven and Earth,
 On the last verge of mortal being stand,
 Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
 Just on the bound'ries of the spirit land.

The chain of being is complete in me ;
 In me is matter's last gradation lost,
 And the next step is Spirit-Deity !
 I can command the lightning and am dust !

A monarch and a slave ; a worm, a God !
 Whence came I here, and how ? So marvellous,
 Constructed and conceived ? Unknown, this clod
 Lives surely through some higher energy :
 For from itself alone it could not be.

Creator ! Yes — Thy wisdom and Thy word
 Created me ! Thou source of life and good !
 Thou Spirit of my spirit and my Lord ;
 Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude,
 Fill'd me with an immortal song, to spring
 O'er the abyss of death, and bade it wear
 The garments of eternal day, and wing
 Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
 Even to its source — to Thee — its Author there.

O thought ineffable ! O visions blest !
 Though worthless are conceptions all of Thee —
 Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
 And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
 God ! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,
 Thus seek Thy presence — being wise and good —
 'Midst Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore !
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
 The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

DERZHAZIN.*

* The above magnificent ode, by a distinguished Ruffian poet, is said to have been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, and suspended in the Imperial Palace at Pekin, which was destroyed by the English armies in the war of 1860. It is also translated into the Japanese tongue, and hangs in the temple of Jeddo.

II.

GOD.



HERE is an unknown language spoken
By the loud winds that sweep the
sky ;
By the dark storm-clouds, thunder-
broken,

And waves on rocks that dash and die ;
By the lone star, whose beams wax pale,
The moonlight sleeping on the vale,
The mariner's sweet distant hymn,
The horizon that before us flies,
The crystal firmament that lies
In the smooth sea reflected dim.

'Tis breathed by the cool streams at morning,
The sunset on the mountain's shades,
The snow that day-break is adorning,
And eve that on the turret fades ;
The city's sounds that rise and sink,
The fair swan on the river's brink,
The quivering cypress' murmured sighs,
The ancient temple on the hill,
The solemn silence, deep and still,
Within the forest's mysteries.

Of Thee, O God ! this voice is telling,
Thou who art Truth, Life, Hope, and Love ;
On whom night calls from her dark dwelling,
To whom bright morning looks above ;

Of Thee, proclaimed by every sound,
Whom nature's all-mysterious round
Declares, yet not defines Thy light ;
Of Thee, the abyss and source, whence all
Our souls proceed, in which they fall,
Who haft but one name—INFINITE.

All men on earth may hear and treasure
This voice, resounding from all time ;
Each one, according to his measure,
Interpreting its sense sublime.
But ah ! the more our spirits weak
Within its holy depths would seek,
The more this vain world's pleasures cloy ;
A weight, too great for earthly mind,
O'erwhelms its powers, until we find
In solitude our only joy.

So when the feeble eyeball fixes
Its sight upon the glorious sun,
Whose gold-emblazoned chariot mixes
With rosy clouds that towards it run ;
The dazzled gaze all powerless sinks,
Blind with the radiance which it drinks,
And sees but gloomy specks float by ;
And darkness indistinct o'ershade
Wood, meadow, hill, and pleasant glade,
And the clear bosom of the sky.

LAMARTINE.



III.

OLD AGE.

I.



AM old and blind !
Men point to me as smitten by God's
frown,
Afflicted and deserted of my mind,—
Yet I am not cast down.

II.

I am weak, yet strong—
I murmur not that I no longer see—
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father supreme! to Thee.

III.

O Merciful One,
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near ;
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

IV.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me,—and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

V.

On my bended knee
I recognise Thy purpose clearly shown—
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

VI.

I have nought to fear ;
 My darkness is the shadow of Thy wing—
 Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
 Can come no evil thing.

VII.

Oh ! I seem to stand
 Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
 Wrapped in the radiance of Thyainless land
 Which eye hath never seen.

VIII.

Visions come and go—
 Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng—
 From angel's lips I seem to hear the flow
 Of soft and holy song.

IX.

It is nothing now,
 When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
 When airs of Paradise refresh my brow,
 The earth in darkness lies.

X.

In a purer clime
 My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
 Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
 Break over me unsought.

XI.

Give me now my lyre !
 I feel the strivings of a gift divine ;
 Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
 Lit by no skill of mine.

ELIZABETH LLOYD.

IV.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.



Y Nebo's lovely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale of the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
But no man dug that sepulchre,
And no one saw it e'er ;
For the Angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes, when the night is done,
Or the crimson streak on Ocean's cheek
Fades in the setting sun —

Noiselessly as the spring time,
Her crest of verdure waves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves ;
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
That grand procession swept.

Perchance some bald old eagle,
 On gray Beth-Peor's height,
 Out of his rocky eyrie,
 Looked on the wondrous sight ;
 Perchance some lion, stalking,
 Still shuns the hallowed spot ;
 For beast and bird have seen and heard
 That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
 His comrades in the war,
 With arms reversed and muffled drums,
 Follow the funeral car ;
 They show the banners taken,
 They tell his battles won,
 And after him lead his matchless steed,
 While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
 They lay the sage to rest ;
 And give the bard an honoured place,
 With costly marble drest ;
 In the great minster's transept high,
 Where lights like glories fall,
 While the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
 Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
 That ever buckled sword ;
 This the most gifted poet
 That ever breathed a word ;
 And never earth's philosopher
 Traced with his golden pen,

On the deathless page, words half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour ?
 The hill-side for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
 With stars for tapers tall ;
The dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
 Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lovely land,
 To lay him in the grave ?

In that deep grave without a name,
 Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again — most wondrous thought ! —
 Before the judgment day ;
And stand with glory wrapped around,
 On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
 Through Christ th' Incarnate God.

O silent tomb in Moab's land,
 O dark Beth-Peor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
 And teach them to be still !
God hath His mysteries of grace,
 Ways that we cannot tell ;
He hides them deep, like the sacred sleep
 Of him He loved so well.

C. F. A.



v.

DEPARTED FRIENDS.



RIEND after friend departs ;
 Who hath not lost a friend ?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That finds not here an end ;
 Were this frail world our final rest —
 Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time —
 Beyond the reign of death —
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath,
 Nor life's afflictions transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upward and expire !

There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown —
 A long eternity of love
 Formed for the good alone ;
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
 Till *all* are past away ;
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day :
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,
 But hide themselves in Heaven's own light.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

VI.

THE DEPARTED MISSIONARY.



THOU art gone to the grave! but we
will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness en-
compas the tomb ;
The Saviour has passed through its
portal before thee,
**And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the
gloom !**

Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for THE SINLESS has died !

Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long ;
But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heardst was the Seraphim's song !

Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore
thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide :
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee ;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died !

BISHOP HEBER.



VII.

THE DEPARTED CHILD.



ND hast thou sought thy heavenly ho
Our fond, dear boy ;
The realms where sorrow dare
come,

Where life is joy ?

Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth,
Ev'n by its bliss we meet our dearth,

Casa Wappy

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye ;
Tears of our anguish may not tell
When thou didst die ;
Words may not paint our grief for thee,
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathomed agony,

Casa Wappy

Thou wert a vision of delight,
To bless us given ;
Beauty embodied to our sight,
A type of Heaven :
So dear to us thou wert, thou art,
Ev'n less thine own self, than a part,
Of mine, and of thy mother's heart,

Casa Wappy

Thy bright brief day knew no decline,
'Twas cloudless joy ;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy !
This morn beheld thee blithe and gay,
That found thee prostrate in decay ;
And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy !

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled ;
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child !
Humbly we bow to fate's decree,
Yet had we hoped that time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy !

Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight ;
There dost thou glide before me still —
A form of light.
I feel thy breath upon my cheek,
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak,
Till oh ! my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy !

Ev'n to the last, thy every word,
To glad, to grieve,
Was sweet, as sweetest song of bird,
On summer's eve ;

In outward beauty undecayed,
 Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
 And like the rainbow thou didst fade,
 Cafa Wappy!

We mourn for thee when blind blank night
 The chamber fills ;
 We pine for thee when morn's first light
 Reddens the hills :
 The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
 All, to the wall-flower and wild pea,
 Are changed ; we saw the world through the—
 Cafa Wappy !

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
 Of casual mirth,
 It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
 An inward birth.
 We miss thy small step on the stair,
 We miss thee at thine evening prayer ;
 All day we miss thee, everywhere,
 Cafa Wappy !

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
 In life's spring-bloom,
 Down to the appointed house below—
 The silent tomb.
 But now the green leaves on the tree,
 The cuckoo, and “the busy bee,”
 Return—but with them bring not thee,
 Cafa Wappy !

"Tis so ; but can it be — (while flowers
Revive again) —

Man's doom, in death that we and ours
For aye remain ?

Oh ! can it be, that, o'er the grave,
The grass renewed should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save ?

Casa Wappy !

It cannot be ; for were it so,
Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery — thought were woe —
And truth a lie ;

Heaven were a coinage of the brain —
Religion frenzy — virtue vain —
And all our hopes to meet again,
Casa Wappy !

Yes, 'tis sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, fairest boy,
That Heaven is God's, and thou art there
With Him in joy :

There past are death and all its woes ;
There beauty's stream for ever flows ;
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy !

Farewell, then, for a while, farewell,
Pride of my heart ;
It cannot be that long we dwell
Thus torn apart :

Time's shadows like the shuttle flee,
 And dark howe'er life's night may be,
 Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,
 Cafa Wappy ! MORR.

VIII.

THE PASTOR.



IVE me the Priest these graces shall
 posseſſ :—
 Of an Ambaffador the firſt address ;
 A Father's tenderness ; a Shepherd's
 care ;
 A Leader's courage, who the cross can bear ;
 A Ruler's awe ; a watchman's wakeful eye ;
 A Pilot's ſkill, the helm in ſtorms to ply ;
 A Fisher's patience, and a Labourer's toil ;
 A Guide's dexterity to difembroil ;
 A Prophet's inspiration from above ,
 A Teacher's knowledge, and a Saviour's love .

BISHOP KEN.

IX.

THE PASTOR.



OLINESS on the head ;
 Light and perfections on the breast ;
 Harmonious bells below, raiſing the
 dead ,
 To lead them unto life and ref ;—
 Thus are true Aarons dræf .

Profaneness in my head ;
Defects and darkness in my breast ;
A noise of passions ringing me, for dead,
Unto a place where is no rest,—
Poor Priest ! thus am I dreft.

Only another Head
I have ; another heart and breast ;
Another music, making live, not dead !
Without Whom I could have no rest : —
In Him I am well dreft.

Christ is my only head ;
My alone, only heart and breast ;
My only music, striking me e'en dead,
That to the old man I may rest,
And be in Him new dreft.

So, holy in my head ;
Perfect and light in my dear breast ;
My doctrine tuned by Christ, who is not dead,
But lives in me, while I do rest : —
Come, people ; Aaron's dreft.

GEORGE HERBERT.



x.

THE PASTOR.



HUS to relieve the wretched was ~~his~~
pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's
fide ;
But in his duty prompt, at every call
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all :
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
At Church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed :
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GOLDSMITH.



xi.

LOVE.



EEK and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief amongst the blessed three,
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heaven-born art thou, Charity !

Pity dwelleth in thy bosom,
Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart,
Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee,
Judgment hath in thee no part.

Hoping ever, failing never,
Though deceived believing still,
Long abiding, all confiding
To thy Heavenly Father's will.

Never weary of well doing,
Never fearful of the end,
Claiming all mankind as brothers,
Thou dost all alike befriend.



xii.

LOVE.



All I feel, and hear, and see,
God of love, is full of Thee !
Earth with her ten thousand flowers—
Air with all its beams and showers—
Ocean's infinite expanse—
Heaven's resplendent countenance—
All around and all above,
Hath this record—“ God is love.”

Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle summer stirred ;—
All these songs, beneath, above—
Have one burden—“ God is love.”

All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart ;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies ;—
These are voices from above
Sweetly whispering—“ God is love.”
All I feel and hear and see—
God of love, is full of Thee.

REV. J. R. TAYLOR.



XIII.

LOVE.



HEY sin who tell us love can die—
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity.
 In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell ;
 Earthly these passions of the Earth,
 They perish where they have their birth.

But love is indestructible —
 Its holy flame for ever burneth,
 From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth ;
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times opprest,
 It here is tried and purified,
 Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest ;
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest time of Love is there.

Oh ! when a Mother meets on high
 The Babe she lost in infancy,
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
 The day of woe, the watchful night,
 For all her sorrow, all her tears,
 An overpayment of delight ?

SOUTHEY.



XIV.

LOVE.



Y Joy, my Life, my Crown !
 My heart was meaning all the day,
 Somewhat it fain would say ;
 And still it runneth mutt'ring up and
 down,
 With only this, My Joy, my Life, my Crown !

Yet slight not these few words ;
 If truly said, they may take part
 Among the best in art.
 The finenesse which a hymne or psalme affords,
 Is, when the soul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the minde
 And all the soul, and strength, and time,
 If the words onely rhyme,
 Justly complains, that somewhat is behinde
 To make his verse, or write a hymne in kinde.

Whereas if th' heart be moved,
 Although the verse be somewhat scant,
 God doth supplie the want.
 As when th' heart says (sighing to be approved)
 Oh, could I love ! and stops ; God writeth Loved.

GEORGE HERBERT.

— — — — —

xv.

LOVE.



SWEET but solitary beam,
An emanation from above,
Glimmers o'er life's uncertain dream—
We hail that beam, and call it Love—
But fainter than the pale star's ray
Before the noontide blaze of day,
And lighter than the viewless sand
Beneath the wave that sweeps the strand,
Is all of Love that man can know—
All that in angel-breasts can glow—
Compared, O Lord of Hosts ! with Thine—
Eternal—fathomless—divine !
That love—whose praise with quenchless fire
Inflames the blest seraphic choir ;
Where perfect rapture reigns above,
And Love is all—for Thou art Love !

DALE.



xvi.

LIFE.



MAN, consider thoughtfully,
How we, the small fands, pass away,
For thou art passing too !
Gently and by degrees,
Thus thou too must decrease ;
Thy days and years how few !

We fall indeed quite lightly ;
 But daily still, and nightly,
 We never cease to run.
 And when the last of all
 Our little grains shall fall,
 *T*hy latest hour is done !

THOLUCK.

XVIII.

LIFE.



OW swiftly glide life's transient scenes
 away !
 " Like vernal leaves men flourish and
 decay."
 Thus fung, in days of yore, the Chian
 bard ;
 This maxim all have heard, but none regard.
 None keep in mind this salutary truth,
 Hope still survives, that flatters us in youth.
 What fruitless schemes amuse our blooming years !
 The man in health, nor age, nor sickness fears ;
 Nay, youth's and life's contracted space forgot,
 Scarce thinks that death will ever be his lot.
 But thou thy mind's fair bias still obey,
 Nor from the paths of virtue ever stray.

SIMONIDES.

xviii.

LIFE.



ET not the stealing god of sleep surprise,
Nor creep in slumbers on thy weary
eyes,
Ere every action of the former day
Strictly thou dost and righteously survey.
With reverence at thy own tribunal stand,
And answer justly to thy own demand,
Where have I been ? In what have I transgressed ?
What good, or ill, has this day's life expressed ?
Where have I failed in what I ought to do ?
In what to God, to man, or to myself I owe ?
Inquire severe ; whate'er from first to last,
From morning's dawn till evening's gloom has past.
If evil were thy deeds, repenting mourn,
And let thy soul with strong remorse be torn.
If good, the good with peace of mind repay,
And to thy secret self with pleasure say,
“ Rejoice, my heart, for all went well to-day.”

PYTHAGORAS.



xix.

LIFE.



IKE to the falling of a star
Or as the flight of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood :

Even such is man, whose borrowed light
 Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
 The spring entombed in Autumn lies,
 The dew dries up, the star is shot,
 The flight is past—and man forgot.

HENRY KING, 16—2.



xx.

LIFE.



ELL me not in mournful numbers,
 “ Life is but an empty dream ! ”
 For the soul is dead that flumbers,
 And things are not what they se—.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 “ Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating,
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act,—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

xxi.

DEATH.

ITAL spark of Heavenly flame,
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame,
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark they whisper ; Angels say,
“ Sister Spirit, come away ! ”
What is this absorbs me quite ?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight ?
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears ;
Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring ;
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
O Death ! where is thy sting ?

POPE.



XXII.

DEATH.



HICH is the happiest death to die?
 “Oh!” said one, “if I might choose,
 Long at the gate of bliss would I lie ;
 And feast my spirit, ere it fly,
 With bright celestial views.

Mine were a lingering death without pain,
 A death which all might love to see ;
 And mark how bright and sweet would be
 The victory I should gain.

“ Fain would I catch a hymn of love
 From the angels’ harps which ring above ;
 And sing it, as my parting breath
 Quivered and expired in death ;
 So that those on earth might hear
 The harp-notes of another sphere,
 And mark, when nature faints and dies,
 What springs of heavenly life arise,
 And gather, from the death they view,
 A ray of hope to light them through,
 When they should be departing too.”

“ No,” said another ; “ so not I ;
 Sudden as thought is the death I would die ;
 I would suddenly lay my shackles by,
 Nor bear a single pang at parting,
 Nor see the tear of sorrow starting ;

Nor hear the quivering lips that bles^s me,
 Nor feel the hands of love that press me,
 Nor the frame with mortal terror shaking,
 Nor the heart where love's soft bands are breakin^g.

“ So would I die —
 All bliss without a pang to cloud it,
 All joy without a pain to shroud it ;
 Not slain, but caught up, as it were,
 To meet my Saviour in the air ;

So would I die.

Oh ! how bright were the realms of light,
 Bursting at once upon my sight ;
 Even so, I long to go, —
 These parting hours how sad and slow ! ”

His voice grew weak, and fixed was his eye,
 As if gazing on visions of ecstasy ;
 The hue of his cheek and lips decayed,
 Around his mouth a sweet smile played —

They looked — he was dead ! —

His spirit had fled :

Painless and swift as his own desire,
 The soul undrest from her mortal vest,
 And stepped in her car of heavenly fire ;
 And proved how bright
 Were the realms of light,
 Bursting at once upon the sight !

EDMESTON.



xxiii.

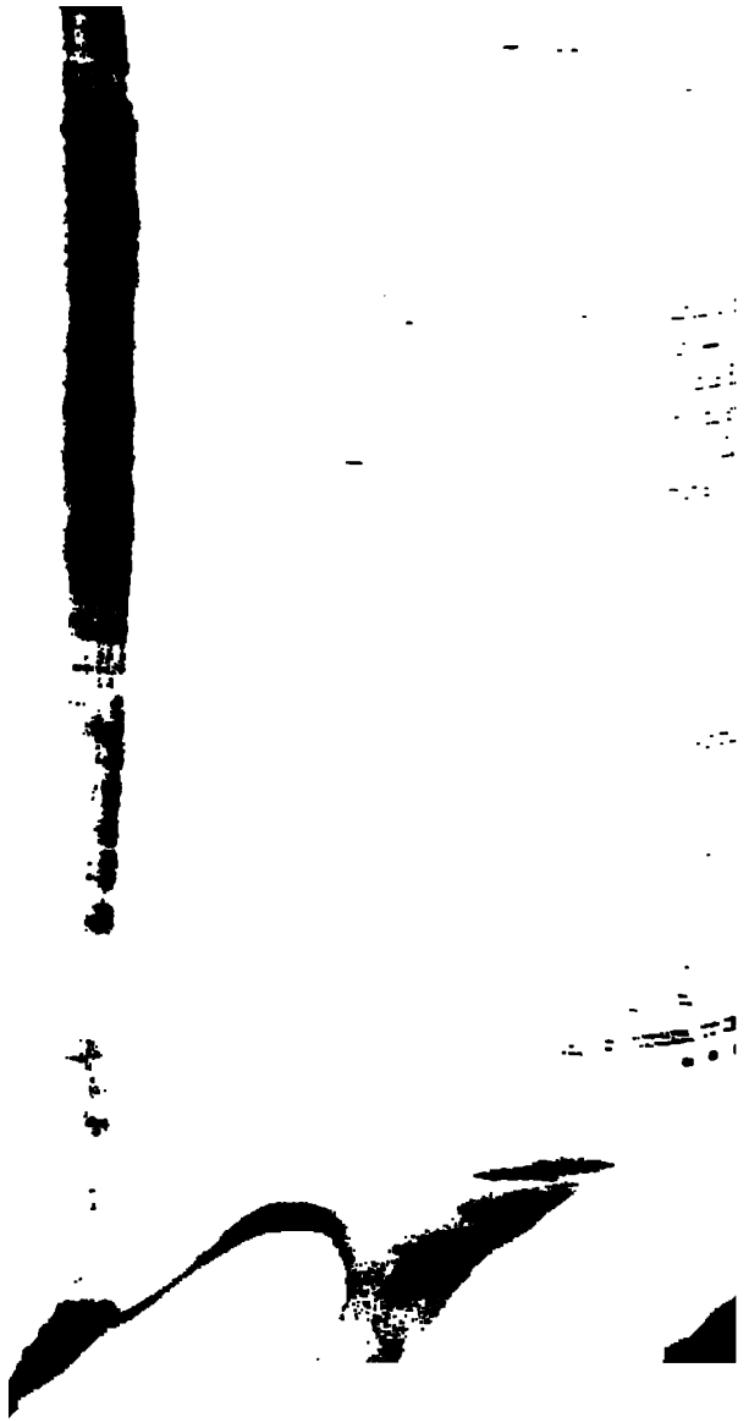
MAN.



OW poor, how rich, how abject, how
august,
How complicate, how wonderful is
man!
How passing wonder He who made
him such !

Who centred in our make such strange extremes !
From different natures, marvellously mixed,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds !
Distinguished link in being's endless chain !
Midway from nothing to the Deity !
A beam ethereal, fullied and absorbed !
Though fullied and dishonoured, still divine !
Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !
A worm ! a god !—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels !
O what a miracle to man is man !
Triumphantly distressed ! what joy ! what dread !
Alternately transported and alarmed !
What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

YOUNG.



xxv.

WOMAN.



HE was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament; ——
 I saw her upon nearer view,
 A spirit yet a woman too !
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty ;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food,
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.
 And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine ;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller between life and death :
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
 A perfect woman, nobly plann'd
 To warn, to comfort, and command ;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel-light.

WORDSWORTH.

XXVI.

WOMAN.



ONOUR to women! entwining and
braiding
Life's garland with roses for ever un-
fading,
In the veil of the graces all modestly
kneeling,
Love's band with sweet spells have they wreathed,
have they blessed,
And tending with hands ever pure have caressed
The flame of each holy, each beautiful feeling.

Ever truth's bright bounds outrages
Man, and his wild spirit strives ;
Ever with each thought that changes,
As the storm of passion drives ;—
With heart appeased, contented never,
Grapbs he at the future's gleam ;
Beyond the stars pursuing ever
The restless phantom of his dream.

But the glances of women, enchantingly glowing,
Their light woos the fugitive back, ever throwing
A link round the present, that binds like a spell—
In the meek cottage home of the mother presiding,
All graces, all gentleness, round them abiding,
As nature's true daughters, how sweetly they dwell!

Man is ever warring, rushing
Onward through life's stormy way,
Wild his fervour, fierce and crushing,
Knows he neither rest nor stay:
Creating, slaying—day by day
Urged by passion's fury brood,
A hydra band, whose heads, for aye,
Fall, to be for aye renewed.

It women, to sweet silent praises resigning,
ch hopes as affection is ever enshrining,
Pluck the moment's brief flowers as they wander
along.
ore free in their limited range, richer ever,
han man, proudly soaring with fruitless endeavour,
Through the infinite circles of science and song.

Strong and proud, and self-commend ing,
Man's cold heart doth rarely move,
To the gentler spirit bending,
To the god-like power of love ;
Knows not soul-exchange so tender,
Tears, by other's tears confessed ;
Life's dark combats steel and render
Harder his obdurate breast !

h, wakened like harp, and as gently resembling
s murmuring chords to the night-breezes trembling,
Breathes woman's fond soul, and as feelingly too.
ouched lightly, touched deeply, for ever she borrows
rief itself from the image of grief, and her sorrows
Ever gem her soft eyes with Heaven's holiest dew.

Man, of power despotic lord,
In power doth insolently trust ;
Scythia argues with the sword,
Perfia, crouching, bites the dust.
In their fury fights engaging,
Combat spoilers wild and dread,
Strife, and war, and havoc raging,
Where the charities have fled.

But gently entreating, and sweetly beguiling,
Woman reigns while the graces around her are smiling,
Calming down the fierce discord of hatred and pride ;
Teaching all whom the strife of wild passions would sever,
To unite in one bond, and with her, and for ever,
All hopes, each emotion, they else had denied.

SCHILLER.



XXVII.

THE CORAL ISLE.



SAW the living pile ascend,
The Mausoleum of its architects ;
Still dying upwards as their labours
closed.

Slime the material, but the slime was
turned

To adamant by their petrific touch.

Frail were their frames, ephemeral their lives,
Their masonry imperishable. All
Life's needful functions, food, exertion, rest,
By nice economy of Providence,
Were overruled to carry on the process,
Which out of water brought forth solid rock.
Atom by atom—thus the mountain grew,
A coral island, stretching east and west.

— Compared with this amazing edifice,
Raised by the weakest creatures in existence,
What are the works of intellectual man,
His temples, palaces, and sepulchres ?
Dust in the balance, atoms in the gale,
Compared with these achievements in the deep,
Were all the monuments of olden time.

— The Pyramids would be mere pinnacles,
The giant statues wrought from rocks of granite,
But puny ornaments for such a pile
As this stupendous mound of catacombs,
Filled with dry mummies of the builder, WORMS.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

xxviii.

THE MOLE HILL.



TELL me, thou dust beneath my feet,
Thou dust that once hadst breath—
Tell me how many mortals meet,
In this small hill of death ?

By wasting winds and flooding rains,
From ocean, earth, and sky ;
Collected here, the frail remains
Of slumbering millions lie.

The mole that scoops, with curious toil,
Her subterranean bed,
Thinks not she ploughs so rich a soil,
And mines among the dead.

But oh ! where'er she turns the ground,
My kindred earth I see ;
Once every atom of this mound
Lived, breathed, and felt like me.

Like me, these elder-born of clay
Enjoyed the cheerful light ;
Bore the brief burden of a day
And went to rest at night.

Methinks this dust yet heaves with breath,
Ten thousand pulses beat ;
Tell me, in this small hill of death,
How many mortals meet ?

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



XXIX.

THE RAIN DROP.



HAT if each drop of rain should plead,
So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty glebe ;
I'll tarry in the sky ?

What if each little ray at noon
Should in its fountain stay ;
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day ?

Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool refreshing shower ;
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower ?

* * *



xxx.

THE FALLING LEAF.



EE ! the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground ;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound :

“ Sons of Adam (once in Eden
Where, like us, ye blighted fell),
Hear the lesson we are reading,
Mark the awful truths we tell.

“ Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

“ What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace ;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place.

“ Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
Heaven and Earth shall pass away.

“ On the tree of life eternal,
 Oh let all our hopes be laid !
This alone, for ever vernal,
 Bears a leaf that shall not fade.”

BISHOP HORNE.



XXXI.

THE LAST MAN IN SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

I.



HEY have fallen one by one ;
 The last, but one, to-day—
God ! am I left, alone,
 To track this weary way ;
My weary way to the River,
 The haven where I would be ?
But, alas ! heart-struck I shiver—
 I can never attain the sea !
I am touching his lifeless head,
 A waif on this desolate shore ;
I am kissing the last of the dead—
 Shall I see man's face no more ?
 Cold, Cold, Cold,
But mine hour is not yet told !

II.

In mine ear the terrible rush,
The thundering rush of the floe ;
And the shriek of her ribs in the grinding crush,
And the good ship in her throes.
In mine heart, their mute despair,
And the groans of our wailing knell,
As the death-call swooped through the pitiless air,
And the pale men drooped and fell.
Where they fell, they lay ;
Not a knee rose more to the light ;
The reeling and shrunken clay
Sank at once into icy night !
Cold, Cold, Cold,
And mine hour is yet untold !

III.

Mine eyelids burn ; congeals
My brain within its cell ;
And the scalding tear-drop steals
From an overflowing well ;
For I dream of fond hearts at home,
I think of the brave that are gone ;
As I gaze at this star-lit dome,
And stagger from stone to stone.
We were two but yesternight,
And, faint, to this welcome sod
I've crawled, till he's out of sight —
And there's no one near but God !
Cold, Cold, Cold,
And mine hour is nearly told !

IV.

When they come, for come they will,
 Nor search this coast in vain,
 They will find us sleeping still,
 On its lone unfriendly plain ;
 But none shall ever know,
 Till the Great Day comes at last ;
 Our griefs in these realms of snow,
 And the horrors of the Past !
 For I sink on this fatal beach ;
 I have prayed with my latest breath ;
 And my struggles will only reach
 The River of Life, in Death !
 Cold, Cold, icy Cold,
 And mine own last hour is told !

B. P.

XXXII.

THE CHURCH-YARD.



HE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea ;
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds —
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds. —

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep. —

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely ways and destiny obscure—
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple *Annals of the poor*.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Alike await the inevitable hour;
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave. —

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid,
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
 Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast,
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise —
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

GRAY.

—•—
XXXIII.

THE CHURCH.



HOUGH private prayer be a brave design,
 Yet public hath more promises, more love ;
 And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign,
 We are all but cold suitors ; let us move
 Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven ;
 Pray with the most ; for where most pray, is Heaven.

When once thy foot enters the Church, be bare;
 God is more there than thou; for thou art there
 Only by His permission. Then beware,
 And make thyself all reverence and fear.
 Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stocking; quit thy state:
 All equal are within the Church's gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most;
 Praying's the end of preaching. Oh, be drest;
 Stay not for the other pin. Why, thou hast lost
 A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
 Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee,
 Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
 And send them to thine heart, that spying sin,
 They may weep out the stains by them that rise,
 Those doors being shut, all by the ears comes in.
 Who marks in Church-time others' symmetry,
 Marks all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part;
 Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasure
 thither;
 Christ purged His Temple, so must thou thy heart;
 All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
 To cozen thee. Look to thy action well,
 For Churches either are our Heaven or Hell.

Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge;
 If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not;

God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
 To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
 The worst speak something good ; if all want sense,
 God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which
 Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains ;
 He that by being at Church escapes the ditch
 Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
 He that loves God's abode, and to combine
 With saints on earth, shall one day with them shine.

G. HERBERT.



XXXIV.

THE CHRISTIAN.



OW fine has the day been, how bright
 was the sun !
 How lovely and joyful the course that
 he run !
 Though he rose in a mist, when his
 race he begun,
 And there followed some droppings of rain.
 But now the fair traveller's come to the West,
 His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best ;
 He paints the sky gay, as he sinks to his rest,
 And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian ! His course he begins,
 Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his
 sins,

And melts into tears, then he breaks out and shines,
 And travels his Heavenly way.
 But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
 Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace ;
 And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
 Of rising in brighter array.

WATTS.



xxxv.

CONTENTMENT.



OME murmur when their sky is clear,
 And wholly bright to view,
 If one small speck of dark appear,
 In their great heaven of blue ;
 And some with thankful love are
 filled,
 If but one streak of light,
 One ray of God's great mercy gild
 The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
 In discontent and pride,
 Why life is such a dreary task,
 And all good things denied ?
 And hearts in poorest huts admire
 How love has, in their aid,
 (Love that not ever seems to tire,)
 Such rich provision made.

TRENC

xxxvi.

CONTENTMENT.



E that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride :
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it, or much ;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because Thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is,
That go on pilgrimage ;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best for age to age.

BUNYAN.



XXXVII.

HUMILITY.



HE bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest ;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things
rest.

In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

When Mary chose "the better part,"
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet ;
And Lydia's gently-opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet.
Fairest and best adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears the brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends ;
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most when most his soul ascends ;
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



XXXVIII.

SOLITUDE.



AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,

I am Lord of the fowl and the brute.
O solitude ! where are the charms

That sages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,

Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,—

I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see,
They are so unacquainted with man,

Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
O, had I the wings of a dove,

How soon would I taste you again !
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,

And be cheer'd by the fallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasures untold
 Resides in that heavenly word !
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or ought that this earth can afford,
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial, endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.
 My friends,—do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me ?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind !
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there,
 But alas ! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair,
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.

There's mercy in every place,
And mercy encouraging thought !
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

COWPER.

—♦♦♦—
XXXIX.

SOLITUDE.



FT at the silent, shadowy close of day,
When the hushed grove has sung its
parting lay ;
When pensive twilight in her dusky
car,
Slowly ascends, to meet the evening star ;
Above, below, aerial murmurings swell,
From hanging wood, brown heath, and bushy dell ;
A thousand nameless rills, that shun the light,
Stealing soft music on the ear of night.
So oft the finer movements of the soul,
That shun the sphere of pleasure's gay control,
In the still shades of calm seclusion rise,
And breathe their sweet seraphic harmonies !

ROGERS.



XL.

RESIGNATION.



HESE hearts, alas ! cleave to the dust
By strong and endless ties ;
Whilst every sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.

When heaven would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end ;
It takes the most effectual way,
And robs us of a friend.

Resign,—and all the load of life
That moment you remove ;
Its heavy load, ten thousand cares,
Devolve on One above—

Who bids us lay our burden down,
On His almighty hand ;
Softens our duty to relief,
Our blessings to command.

YOUNG.



XLI.

FAITH AND NATURE.



E wept—’twas Nature wept,—but
Faith
Can pierce beyond the gloom of death,
And in yon world so fair and bright,
Behold thee in resplendent light.

We miss thee here, yet Faith would rather,
Know thou art with thy Heavenly Father.
Nature sees the body dead—
Faith beholds the spirit fled ;
Nature stops at Jordan’s tide—
Faith beholds the other side ;
That but hears farewell and sighs—
This, thy welcome in the skies ;
Nature mourns a cruel blow—
Faith assures it is not so ;
Nature never sees thee more—
Faith but sees thee gone before ;
Nature tells a dismal story—
Faith has visions full of glory ;
Nature views the change with sadness—
Faith contemplates it with gladness ;
Nature murmurs—Faith gives meekness ;
“ Strength is perfected in weakness.”
Nature writhes and hates the rod—
Faith looks up and blesses God ;

Sense looks downwards—Faith above ;
 That sees harshness—This sees love ;
 Oh ! let Faith victorious be—
 Let it reign triumphantly !
 But thou art gone ! not lost, but flown,
 Shall I then ask thee back, my own ?
 Back—and leave thy spirit's brightness ?
 Back—and leave thy robes of whiteness ?
 Back—and leave thine angel mould ?
 Back—and leave those streets of gold ?
 Back—and leave the Lamb who feeds thee ?
 Back—from founts to which He leads thee ?
 Back—and leave thy Heavenly Father ?
 Back—to earth and sin ? Nay, rather
 Would I live in solitude !
 I would not ask thee, if I could ;
 But patient wait the high decree,
 That calls my spirit home to thee !



XLII.

THE DEAF AND DUMB.



OW the bright spring comes forth to
 clothe the trees,
 And her soft-sighing whispers in the
 breeze ;
 The liquid warblings, from a thousand
 throats,
 Pour on the perfumed air their richest notes ;

The gush of many streams comes o'er the soul,
The harmonies of nature past me roll,—
 But the deaf hear them not!

It is a Sabbath morn; and many feet
Hasten, thro' sunny paths, their God to meet
In His own temple—and on bended knee
Tell Him their wants, and for His pardon pray;
To hear of all His love—to hear and feel,
And send their hearts up with the anthem's swell,—
 But the dumb cannot sing!

Amid a busy world they are alone,
And to no kindred heart can make their moan;
The spirit has no vent.—Oh, who can tell
The passionate longing, or the struggling swell,
Of the imprisoned Eagle caged within,
To burst its barriers, and its freedom win!—
 But the dumb cannot speak.

But there was One, who in His inmost soul,
Sighed for the mute, and with His touch made whole.
Teach them to know Him! Soon His healing balm
Sheds o'er the struggling soul a holy calm—
No longer desolate, for He is nigh.
Oh! pitying heart, that like thy Lord can sigh,
 Pray for the deaf and dumb!

A day will come, when on the closed ear
The melodies of Heaven will burst so clear,
That the mute mourner's bounding heart shall note,
And vibrate to the chords that round him float—

The *theme* will give the *power*—before unknown,
 And the full heart roll out the tide of song,
 Poured by the deaf and dumb.

C. J.



XLIII.

THE SABBATH.



ABBATH hours ! they come and go
 Like the summer streamlet's flow,
 Bringing to the waste relief,
 Beautiful, but oh ! too brief ;
 Sparkling in the golden ray,
 Iris-coloured — then away !
 Yet fertility is seen
 Fresher, where the stream hath been.

Sabbath hours ! ye come between,
 Like an islet's emerald green,
 Rising o'er life's stormy sea,
 Where its wearied ones may flee ;
 Catching, from its tide-washed strand,
 Visions of their father-land,
 Till they deem the soft winds come,
 Breathing melodies from home.

May the Sabbath ever be,
 Harbinger of good to me !
 Calling up my soul from earth —
 Fixing it on things of worth.

Swiftly do its sunbeams fly,
 O'er this changing wintry sky :
 And, in Heaven's sabbatic bowers,
 I shall praise Thee for these hours.

* * *

XLIV.

THE SABBATH.



HERE'S music in the morning air,
 A holy voice and sweet,
 For calling to the House of Prayer
 The humblest peasant's feet.
 From hill and vale, and distant moor,
 Long as the chime is heard,
 Each cottage sends its tenants poor,
 For God's enriching Word.

Still where the British power hath trod,
 The cross of faith ascends ;
 And like a radiant arch of God,
 The light of Scripture bends !
 Deep in the forest wilderness,
 The wood-built Church is known ;
 A sheltering wing in man's distress,
 Spread like the Saviour's own !

The warrior from his armed tent,
 The seaman from the tide—
 Far as the Sabbath chimes are sent,
 In Christian nations wide,—

Thousands and tens of thousands bring
 Their sorrows to His shrine,
 And taste the never-failing spring
 Of Jesus' love divine !

If at an earthly chime the tread
 Of million, million feet,
 Approach where'er the Gospel's read,
 In God's own temple seat ;
 How blest the sight, from death's dark sleep,
 To see God's saints arise,
 And countless hosts of angels keep
 The Sabbath of the Skies !

* * *



XLV.

HOLY SORROW.



H! Thou, that driest the mourner's
 tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when deceived and wounded here,
 We could not fly to Thee !

The friends, who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes, are flown ;
 And he who has but tears to give
 Must weep those tears alone.

But Thou wilt heal the broken heart,
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
 And even hope, that threw
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
 Is dimmed and vanished too.

Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not Thy Word of love
 Come brightly bearing, through the gloom,
 A peace-branch from above?

Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray,
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We could not see by day.

THOMAS MOORE.

XLVI.

HOLY SORROW.



HEN sore afflictions crush the soul,
 And riven is every earthly tie,
 The heart must cling to God alone,
 He wipes the tear from ev'ry eye.

Through wakeful nights, when rack'd with pain,
 On bed of languishing you lie,
 Remember still your God is near,
 To wipe the tear from ev'ry eye.

A few short years and all is o'er,
 Your sorrow — pain — will soon pass by ;
 Then lean in faith on God's dear Son,
 He'll wipe the tear from ev'ry eye.

Oh ! never be your soul cast down,
 Nor let your heart desponding sigh;
 Assur'd that God, whose name is love,
 Will wipe the tear from ev'ry eye.

MRS. MACKINLAY.



XLVII.

HOLY SORROW.



HEN the spark of life is waning,
 Weep not for me—
 When the languid eye is straining,
 Weep not for me.
 When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
 Start not at its swift decreasing,
 'Tis the fettered soul's releasing ;
 Weep not for me.

When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me—
Christ is mine, He cannot fail me,—
Weep not for me.
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavour
From His love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength—for ever!
Weep not for me.

DALE.

—••—

XLVIII.

HOLY SORROW.



HEN these dark hours of earthly love
And earthly pangs are o'er,
These lips shall bless, these hands shall
move,
These eyes shall look no more.

Oh! let no tear thine eyelid dim,
O'er this pale form of clay;
But think I rest at peace with Him,
Who wipes all tears away.

These lips transformed resound the words,
“ Hosanna to the Lamb !”—
These hands transfigured sweep the chords
That praise the great “ I am.”

These hollow eyes but seem to sleep,
 For ah ! to them 'tis given
 One endless watch of bliss to keep,
 For they have waked in Heaven !

ROBERT McGHEE



XLIX.

HOLY SORROW.



H ! deem not they are blessed alone,
 Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;
 The Power who pities man has shown
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
 The lid that overflows with tears ;
 And weary hours of woe and pain
 Are promises of happy years.

There is a day of sunny rest,
 For every dark and troubled night ;
 And grief may bide, an evening guest,
 But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier,
 Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
 Hope that a happier, brighter shore,
 Will give him to thine arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though pierced and broken be his heart,
And spurn'd of men he goes to die.

For God has mark'd each sorrowing day,
And number'd every secret tear,
And Heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all its children suffer here.

BRYANT.

—♦—

L.

HOLY SORROW.

S it not sweet to think hereafter,
When the spirit leaves this sphere,
Love with deathless wing shall waft
her
To those she long hath mourned for
here ?
Hearts from which 'twas death to sever,
Eyes this world can ne'er restore ;
There as warm, as bright as ever,
Shall meet us, and be lost no more ?

When wearily we wander, asking
Of Earth and Heaven, where are they
Beneath whose smile we once lay basking,
Blest, and thinking bliss would stay ?

Hope still lifts her radiant finger,
Pointing to the eternal home,
Upon whose portal yet they linger,
Looking back for us to come!

Alas! alas! doth hope deceive us?
Shall friendship, love, and all those ties
Which bind a moment, and then leave us,
Be found again where nothing dies?
Oh! if no other boon were given,
To wean our hearts from wrong and stain,
Who would not seek to reach a Heaven,
Where all we love shall live again?

THOMAS MOORE.



LI.

HOLY SORROW.



FLOWER beheld a star above
And longed to reach its airy love,—
But longed in vain, a dew-drop fell
Into its soft and fragrant cell—
And then the star was imaged there,
And gliding down from Heaven had come
To find, on earth, a kindred home.

A spirit gazed on Heaven above,
And longed to centre there its love,—
But longed in vain, this funny world
Still kept its skyward pinions furled.

Earth's loves, and joys, and tender ties,
 Would never let that spirit rise,
 Until the dew of sorrow fell
 Into its deep and secret cell ;
 And then the star of heavenly love
 Looked from its throne of light above
 And backward that baptizing wave
 Its lustrous beams unruffled gave.

* * *

LII.

HOLY SORROW.



FT as memory's glance is ranging,
 Over scenes that cannot die ;
 Then I feel that all is changing,
 Then I weep the Days gone by.

Yes, though Time has laid his finger
 On them, still, with streaming eye,
 There are spots where I can linger,
 Sacred to the Days gone by.

Though we charge to-day with fleetness,
 Though we dread to-morrow's sky,
 There's a melancholy sweetnes
 In the name of Days gone by.

Cease, fond heart, to thee are given,
 Hopes of better things on high ;
 There is still a coming Heaven,
 Better than the Days gone by.

* * *

LIII.

PRAYER.



CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
 While the red light fades away ;
 Mother, with thy earnest eye,
 Ever following silently ;
 Father, by the breeze of eve,
 Called thy harvest-work to leave ;
 Pray !—ere yet the dark hours be,
 Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
 Far from thine own household band ;
 Mourner, haunted by the tone
 Of a voice from this world gone ;
 Captive, in whose narrow cell
 Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
 Sailor, on the darkening sea,
 Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won,
 Breathest now at set of sun ;
 Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
 Weeping on his burial plain !

Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
 Kindred by one holy tie ;
 Heaven's first star alike ye see—
 Lift the heart and bend the knee.

MRS. HEMANS.

LIV.

PRAYER.



HERE is an eye that never sleeps,
 Beneath the wing of night ;
 There is an ear that never shuts,
 When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires,
 When human strength gives way ;
 There is a love that never fails,
 When earthly loves decay.

The eye is fixed on seraph throngs ;
 That ear is filled with angels' songs ;
 That arm upholds the world on high ;
 That love is thrown beyond the sky.

But there's a power which man can yield
 When mortal aid is vain ;—
 That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
 That listening ear to gain.
 That power is prayer which soars on high,
 And feeds on bliss beyond the sky.

MRS. HEMANS.

LV.

PRAYER.



H! methinks it has oft been thus,
When those who love and who think
of us,
Have knelt before the throne of prayer
And poured their souls out for us
there—
That instant as they pray we feel
A Sabbath o'er our bosoms steal,
A sweet and more than earthly ray
Burst through the cloud across our way;
And brightness we know not whence nor where
Has beamed from the light of another's prayer.

* * *



LVI.

PRAISE.



HE first-born rose of vernal prime,
That opes its bosom rare,
In gentle sighs of fragrant breath
Doth make its morning prayer.

The Summer bird, on raptured wing,
That cleaves the vaulted sky,
Doth to the great Creator pour
Its gushing minstrelsy.

Rich Autumn, with her fruitful hoard,
Her harvests ripening fair ;
The golden sheaf, and loaded wain,
Doth praise the Giver's care.

Each Winter, in its Sabbath rest,
Adores the King of Might ;
And every snow-flake speaks of Him,
Who robes the earth in white.

Thou art His servant, O my soul,
By birth, by choice, by vow ;
By bounties of each rolling year —
Prove thine allegiance now.

Yea, prove it as each passing day
Unfolds its pinions fleet,
By deeds of love, by thoughts of prayer,
By strains of worship sweet.

Make this brief life a song of praise,
Where'er thy lot may be ;
And learn the language here below
Of Heaven's eternity.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

LVII.

EARLY RISING.



OFT slumbers now mine eyes forsake,
My powers are all renewed ;
May my freed spirit too awake
With heavenly strength endued.

Thou silent murderer, sloth, no more
My mind imprisoned keep ;
Nor let me waste another hour
With thee, thou felon sleep.

Think, O my soul, could dying men
One lavished hour retrieve,
Though spent in tears, and passed in pain,
What treasures would they give !

But seas of pearls, and mines of gold,
Were offered then in vain ;
Their pearl of countless price is sold,
And where's the promised gain ?

Lord, when Thy day of dread account,
For squandered hours shall come,
Oh ! let not this increase th' amount,
And swell the former sum.

Teach me in health each good to prize,
I dying shall esteem ;
And every pleasure to despise,
I then shall worthless deem.

For all Thy wondrous mercies past,
My grateful voice I'll raise,
While thus I quit my bed of rest,
Creation's Lord to praise.

HANNAH MOORE.

LVIII.

HOLY SCRIPTURE.



ON cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store,—
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the live-long day,—
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night,
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding and no wit—
Receives no praise; but though her lot be such
(Toilsome and indigent) she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
And in that Charter reads with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
O happy peasant! O unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
He praised perhaps for ages yet to come—
She never heard of half a mile from home—
He, lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She, safe in the simplicity of hers.

COWPER.

LX.

HOLY SCRIPTURE.



HE Spirit breathes upon the
And brings the truth to fig
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

C

LX.

HOLY SCRIPTURE.



HERE is the spring whence waters flow,
To quench our heat of sin ;
Here is the tree, where truth doth
grow,
To lead our lives therein.

Here is the Judge that stints the strife,
When men's devices fail ;
Here is the bread, that feeds the life,
Which death cannot affail.

The tidings of salvation dear,
Come to our ears from hence ;
The fortress of our faith is here,
And shield of our defence.

Then be not like the Hog, that hath
A pearl at his desire ;
Yet takes more pleasure in the trough,
And wallowing in the mire.

Read not this book in any case,
But with a single eye ;
Read not, but first desire God's grace
To understand thereby.

Stay still in faith, with this respect,
To fructify therein ;
That knowledge may bring this effect,
To mortify thy sin.

Then happy thou, in all thy life,
 What so to thee befalls ;
 Yea, doubly happy shalt thou be,
 When God, by death, thee calls.*

* * *

LXI.

THE REDEEMER.



ND who is He? the vast, the awful form,
 Girt with the whirlwind, sandal'd with the storm?
 A western cloud around His limbs is spread,
 His crown a rainbow, and a sun His head.
 To highest Heaven He lifts His kingly hand,
 And treads at once the ocean and the land;
 And hark! His voice amid the thunder's roar,
 His dreadful voice, that time shall be no more!
 Lo! cherub hands the golden courts prepare;
 Lo! thrones arise, and every saint is there;
 Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,
 The mountains worship, and the isles obey!
 Nor sun, nor moon, they need,—nor day, nor night,—
 God is their temple, and the Lamb their light;

* These lines are to be found in the "Bishops' Bible" of 1568.

And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
 Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home?
 On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,
 And the dry bones be warm with life again.
 Hark! white-robed crowds their deep hosannas
 raise,
 And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise ;
 Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,
 Ten thousand, thousand saints the strain prolong :
 " Worthy the Lamb ! Omnipotent to save,
 Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave."

BISHOP HEBER.



LXII.

A DREAM.



SLEPT ; and in my sleep I dreamed
 A hill before me lay,
 Which, like a mighty barrier, seemed
 To interrupt my way.

Its lofty summit touched the skies,
 Its base the shades below ;
 And as I gazed, it seemed to rise,
 And still more threatening grow.

An icy stillness o'er me stole,
 And thrilled through every sense ;
 While doubt and horror filled my soul
 With agony intense.

In sore distress, I cried aloud
To God in fervent prayer ;
And suddenly I saw a cloud
Glide slowly through the air.

And out of it there came a drop,
Like blood of crimson hue,
Which fell upon the mountain top,
As soft as Hermon's dew.

And lo ! the mountain passed away,
And vanished from my sight ;
Like wreaths of mist at break of day,
Before the morning light.

Beyond it lay a fruitful land,
With rivers deep and wide,
Which rolled upon the golden sand
Their clear and crystal tide.

Beside them goodly trees, endued
With healing virtues, grew ;
And flowers with ravished eyes I viewed,
Of every scent and hue.

And there his sheep a shepherd fed,
In pastures green and fair,
And unto living fountains led,
With ever-watchful care.

Good Shepherd, well I know Thee now,
With ardent voice I cried ;
Thou art my Lord and Saviour, Thou,
The Lamb, the Crucified.

The mountain was the load of guilt
 Which on my conscience lay ;
 The drop, the blood of Jesus spilt,
 To wash my sins away.

My guilty soul, O Lord, renew
 In that all-cleansing stream ;
 That thus the vision may be true,
 And not a fleeting dream.

* * *

LXIII.

A DREAM.



HE bright things and the beautiful, that
 I have seen to-day,
 As gazing up into the sky in mute
 delight I lay !
 The wonderful, the glorious things ! O
 had I but the power
 To tell a hundredth part of all I saw in one bright
 hour.

Long time 'twas but a dazzling gleam of vague
 magnificence,
 Whose ever-shifting glories mocked my weak, be-
 wilder'd sense ;
 But then the vision grew more bright before my
 stedfast eye,
 And I saw a long procession pass in solemn splendour
 by.

They were the spirits of the Just, but now from earth set free,
And methought that still they wore the shroud from dim mortality,
Not yet all glorified they seem'd, but they floated towards the light,
And every moment, as they soar'd, waxed brighter and more bright.

Silent and slow they moved along with calm and even pace,
Soft unseen airs were wafting them to their blest resting-place.
But one among the train I marked, who linger'd o'er her track,
And I marvell'd much what tie had power to keep that spirit back.

And then I saw a babe whose head lay nestling on her breast,
His dimpled arm about her neck carelessly was prest,
His rosy lip was seeking hers, his clear blue eye the while
Seem'd waiting but a look from hers, to flash into a smile.

One gust of passionate tenderness, one pang of natural grief,
Cleft o'er that mother's lovely face, but ah! their sway was brief;

Soon radiant grew her up-raised brow, her meek eye
fill'd with prayer,
“O Father, train my child for heav'n, and I shall
meet him there.”

And still they rose a countless throng, in solemn flow
array,
And still my heart went with them all upon their
heav'nward way ;
But then I marked another there, bound by some
modern ties,
Who hover'd long upon the brink, as though she
could not rise.

There was one, who held her down to earth, and
on her garment knelt,
In whose sad eyes an untold depth of speechless
sorrow dwelt ;
“ And canst thou, wilt thou leave me thus, mine
own beloved one ?
And must I seek my widow'd home thus desolate
and lone ? ”

She veiled her mantle round her head, she did not,
could not speak,
For ah ! how strong is human love, the human heart
how weak !
But with clasp'd hands how fervently for strength
she seemed to pray,
And fainter grew that passionate grasp, as she soared
from earth away.

They floated on, they floated on, that bright and shadowy train,
Their skirts of fleecy splendour swept the blue ethereal plain,
And now and then a band advanced from some far region blest,
Around whom breathed soft airs of peace, an atmosphere of rest.

Methought as messengers they came, to guide with wings of love,
These younger sisters from the earth to their blest home above ;
Holy and pure as Angels are, were their resplendent eyes,
And full of Heaven's own light they smiled a welcome to the skies.

I saw them meet, I saw them kneel, wrapt in a long embrace,
And as they knelt a glory fell on each uplifted face ;
Awhile in pure excess of joy they paused with folded wings,
The silence of their rapture told unutterable things.

And onward, onward still they moved towards the glorious sun,
They drank his rays until they grew like light to look upon ;
And methought that could I follow them with pure unshrinking eye,
I soon should see Heaven's golden gates receive them all on high.

But when in vain I sought to pierce those dazzling
depths of light,
A dimness and a darkness came across my aching
sight,
And all those bright and beauteous things passed from
me like a dream,
I was again on earth, and oh! how dark this earth
did seem!

MRS. H. V. ELLIOT.

—••—
LXIV.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.



OW pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
O Sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One who came to save
Hath often stood by thee.

Fair are the lakes in the land I love,
Where the pine and heather grow ;
But thou hast loveliness far above
What nature can bestow.

It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide ;
But He that was pierced to save from hell
Oft wandered by thy side.

It is not that the fig-tree grows,
 And palms, in thy soft air ;
 But that Sharon's fair and bleeding Rose
 Once spread her fragrance there.

Graceful around the mountains meet,
 Thou calm reposing sea ;
 But ah ! far more ! the beautiful feet
 Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

Those days are past ! — Bethsaida, where ?
 Chorazin, where art thou ?
 His tent the wild Arab pitches there,
 The wild reeds shade thy brow.

Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell,
 Was the Saviour's city here ?
 Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,
 With none to shed a tear ?

Ah ! would my flock from thee might learn
 How days of grace will flee ;
 How all an offered Christ who spurn
 Shall mourn at last like thee.

And was it beside this very sea
 The new-risen Saviour said
 Three times to Simon, “ Lovest thou me ?
 My lambs and sheep then feed ? ”

O Saviour ! gone to God's right hand,
 Yet the same Saviour still,
 Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand,
 And every fragrant hill.

Oh ! give me, Lord, by this sacred wave,
 Threefold Thy love divine ;
 That I may feed, till I find my grave,
 Thy flock, both Thine and mine.

McCHEYNE.*



LXV.

ST. JOHN.



E hath gone to the place of his rest,
 He is safe in the home of his God ;
 And we who have loved him, forsaken,
 Oppressed,
 Submissive would bow to the rod.
 Though his accents can cheer us no more,
 His love yet may speak from the grave ;
 And thus on the broad wing of Faith may we soar
 To One who is mighty to save.

Our friend and our father we heard,
 On earth, paint the glories of Heaven ;—
 But now the lone Church, like a wandering bird,
 To the home of the desert is driven.
 Entranced, on his visions we hung ;
 Our hearts and our hopes were above ;
 For the words of Persuasion fell soft from his tongue,
 And the soul of his teaching was Love.

* Written by the Sea of Galilee, July 16th, 1839.

In vain the stern Tyrant affailed
 With threats of the dungeon or grave ;—
 He spoke but the word, and the timid ne'er quailed
 In pangs that had mastered the brave.
 The babe hath endured, while its frame
 With the scourge and the torture was torn—
 The maiden, the mother, in chariots of flame,
 To glory triumphant were borne.

For what were thy terrors, O Death ?
 And where was thy triumph, O Grave ?
 When the vest of pure white, and the conquering
 wreath,
 Were the prize of the scorned and the slave ?
 Oh ! then to our Father was given,
 To read the bright visions on high ;
 He gave to our view the full glories of Heaven ;—
 We heard and we hastened to die.

Some died — they are with thee above ;
 Some live — they lament for thee now ;
 But who would recall thee, blest Saint, from the
 love
 That circles with glory thy brow ?
 Long, long didst thou linger below,
 But the term of thine exile is o'er ;
 And praises shall mix with the tears that must flow
 From the eyes that behold thee no more.

Praise — praise — that thy trials are past !
 Joy — joy — that thy triumph is won !
 The thrones are completed — for thine is the last
 Of the twelve that encircle the Son !

O Lord! shall the time not be yet
 When Thy Church shall be blessed and free?
 Thou who canst not forsake, and who wilt not forget,
 Come quickly—or take us to Thee!

DALE.



LXVI.

MARTYRDOM.



VENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered
 saints, whose bones
 Lie scattered on the Alpine moun-
 tains cold :
 Even them who kept thy truth so
 pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
 Forget not : in Thy book record their groans,
 Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
 O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple tyrant : that from these may grow
 A hundred-fold, who, having learned Thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.*

MILTON.

* Written in commemoration of the horrible massacre of the Protestants in the valleys of Piedmont, A.D. 1655; for which, together with a hundred similar deeds, the Church of Rome, "drunken with the blood of the saints," will one day have to give a fearful account.

TIME.



MOMENT is a mighty thing,
Beyond the soul's imagining ;
For in it, though we trace it not,
How much there crowds of varied !
How much of life, life cannot see,

Darts onward to eternity !
While vacant hours of beauty roll
Their magic o'er some yielded soul,
Ah ! little do the happy gues
The sum of human wretchednes ;
Or dream, amid the soft farewell
That time of them is taking,
How frequent moans the funeral knell,
What noble hearts are breaking,
While myriads to their tombs descend
Without a mourner, creed, or friend.

ROBERT MONTGOMI

LXVIII.

MIDNIGHT CHIMES.



NELL of departed years,
Thy voice is sweet to me ;
It wakes no sad foreboding fears,
Calls forth no sympathetic tears,
Time's restless course to see.
From hallowed ground
I hear the sound,
Diffusing through the air a holy calm around.

Thou art the voice of Hope,
The music of the spheres,
A song of blessings yet to come ;
A herald from my future home,
My soul delighted hears.
By sin deceived,
By nature grieved,
Still am I nearer heaven than when I first believed.

Thou art the voice of Love,
To chide each doubt away ;
And as the murmur faintly dies,
Visions of past enjoyment rife
In long and bright array.
I hail the sign,
That Love Divine
Will o'er my future path in cloudless glory shine.

Thou art the voice of Life,
 A sound which seems to say,
 O prisoner in this gloomy vale,
 Thy flesh may faint, thy heart may fail,
 Yet fairer scenes thy spirit hail,
 Which shall not pass away.

Here grief and pain
 Thy steps detain;

There, in the image of thy Lord, shalt thou with
 Jesus reign.

* * *



LXIX.

THE MILLENNIUM.



HE night is wearing fast away,
 A streak of light is dawning,
 Sweet harbinger of that bright day,
 The fair Millennial morning !

Gloomy and dark the night has been,
 And long the way and dreary,
 And sad the weeping saints are seen,
 And faint, and worn, and weary.

Ye mourning pilgrims, dry your tears,
 And hush each sigh of sorrow,
 The light of that bright morn appears,
 The long Sabbathic morrow.

Lift up your heads, behold from far
The flood of splendour streaming,
It is the bright and morning star,
In living lustre beaming.

And see that star-like host around,
Of angel-bands attending ;
Hark, hark, the trumpet's swelling sound,
'Mid shouts triumphant blending !

O weeping spouse, arise, rejoice,
Put off thy weeds of mourning ;
And hail the Bridegroom's welcome voice,
In triumph now returning !

He comes, the Bridegroom promised long ;
Go forth with joy to meet Him,
And raise the new and nuptial song
In cheerful strains to greet Him.

Adorn thyself ! the feast prepare,
While bridal strains are swelling,—
He comes with thee all joys to share,
And make the earth His dwelling.

LXX.

THE MILLENNIUM.



WHAT a bright and blessed world
 This groaning earth of ours will be,
 When from its throne the tempter
 hurled,
 Shall leave it all, O Lord, to Thee!

But brighter far that world above,
 When we, as we are known, shall know ;
 And in the sweet embrace of love,
 Reign o'er this ransom'd earth below.

O blessed Lord ! with weeping eyes,
 That blissful hour we wait to see ;
 While every worm or leaf that dies,
 Tells of the curse and calls for Thee.

Come, Saviour, then o'er all below,
 Shine brightly from Thy throne above ;
 Bid Heaven and Earth Thy glory know,
 And all creation feel Thy love.

SIR E. DENNY.



LXXI.

THE MILLENNIUM.



HE groans of Nature in this nether world,
Which Heaven has heard for ages, have an end,
Foretold by prophets, and by poets fung,
Se fire was kindled at the prophets' lamp ;
time of rest, the promised Sabbath, comes.
houſand years of sorrow have well-nigh
I'd their tardy and disastrous course
a sinful world ; and what remains
is tempestuous state of human things,
erey as the working of a sea
e a calm, that rocks itself to rest :
He, whose car the winds are, and the clouds
dust that waits upon His sultry march,
n fin hath moved Him, and His wrath is hot,
vifit earth in mercy ; shall descend
itious in His chariot paved with love ;
what His storms have blaſted and defaced
nan's revolt, shall with a ſmile repair.

COWPER,

LXXII.

HEAVEN.



IS the soft hour of Eve,—the summer's
sun
Hath sunk in smiling loveliness to
rest ;
His latest beams, fast fading one by one,
Wake up a crimson glory in the West ;
As if through openings in its portals riven,
A gleam of bursting bliss had won its way from
Heaven.

At such an hour as this, the pensive soul,
Entranced in thought, unfolds for flight sublime
Her immaterial wings, and, spurning all
The narrow boundaries of space and time,
Feels that immortal strength which God has given,
And knows her true relationship with Heaven.

Oh ! yes—despite these bonds that drag him down,
Man is a noble creature ; not from earth
Its high extraction doth his spirit own,
Designed from Heaven, which hath from Heaven
its birth ;
Through all the shadowing folds of earth we see
The stamp of life divine and immortality.

Behold all nature's works—above—abroad—
 Yon orb, the spreading skies, and each fair star,
 In that bright zone wherewith the hand of God
 Hath girdled round the universe afar—
 Bright characters they are inscribed on high,
 To teach sin-blinded man that he shall never die!

For why was all this tracery of love
 Hung round the earth? those ever-during fires,
 That fed with light from Paradise above
 Woo the rapt spirit to sublime desires?—
 What mean they all, if this brief earthly span
 Be all that spirit's life, and death the end of man?

There is—there is a world beyond the sky!
 Thy sacred word, O God! reveals to man,
 Through all the mazes of mortality,
 The path to Heaven, and shows a wondrous plan,
 Whereby the soul, of Faith and Hope possest,
 May reach in peace at length its home of quiet rest.

J. E. P.

—♦—

LXXIII.

HEAVEN.



SHINE in the light of God,
 His likeness stamps my brow;
 Through the shadow of death my feet
 have trod,
 And I rest in glory now.

No breaking heart is here,
 No keen and thrilling pain ;
 No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
 Hath rolled and left its stain.

I have found the joys of Heaven ;
 I am one of the sainted band ;
 To my head a crown of gold is given,
 And a harp is in my hand.

I have learnt the song they sing,
 Whom Jesus hath set free ;
 And the glorious walls of Heaven still ring
 With my new-born melody.

No sin—no grief—no pain—
 Safe in my happy home ;
 My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
 My hour of triumph come.

O Friends of mortal years !
 The trusted and the true ;
 Ye are walking still in the valley of tears,
 But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget ? Oh no—
 For memory's golden chain
 Shall bind my heart to the saints below,
 Till they meet to touch again.

Each link is strong and bright,
 And love's electric flame
 Flows freely down, like a river of light,
 To the world from whence they came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky ?
Do you weep when the raging voice of war,
And the storms of conflict die ?

Then why should your tears run down,
And your hearts be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
And another soul in heaven ?

* * *



LXXIV.

HEAVEN.



NE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
I am nearer home to-day
That I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be ;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down ;
Nearer bearing the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down — through the night —
Is the deep and unknown stream,
To be crossed ere we reach the light.

Jesus, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the hand of my faith,
Let me feel Thee near where I stand
On the edge of the shore of death.

Feel Thee near where my feet
Are slipping over the brink ;
For it may be I'm nearer home
Nearer now than I think.

* * *



LXXV.

HEAVEN.



HAVE a home above,
From sin and sorrow free ;
A mansion which Eternal Love
Designed and formed for me.

My Father's gracious hand,
Has built this sweet abode ;
From everlasting it was planned,
My dwelling-place with God.

My Saviour's precious blood,
Has made my title sure;
He passed through death's dark raging flood,
To make my rest secure.

The Comforter is come ;
The Earnest has been given ;
He leads me onward to the home,
Reserved for me in Heaven.

Bright angels guard my way,
His Ministers of power ;
Encamping round me night and day,
Preserve in danger's hour.

Lov'd ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done ;
I soon shall greet them on that shore,
Where partings are unknown.

But more than all I long,
His glories to behold ;
Whose smile fills all that radiant throng
With ecstasy untold.

That bright, yet tender smile,
(My sweetest welcome there,)
Shall cheer me through the "little while"
I tarry for Him here.

Thy love, thou precious Lord,
My joy and strength shall be ;
Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening word
That bids me rise to Thee.

And then through endless days,
 Where all Thy glories shine ;
 In happier, holier strains, I'll praise
 The grace that made me Thine.

* * *



LXXVI.

DIES IRÆ.



N that great, that awful day,
 This vain world shall pass away.
 Thus the fibyl sang of old,
 Thus hath holy David told.
 There shall be a deadly fear
 When the Avenger shall appear,
 And unveiled before His eye
 All the works of man shall lie.
 Hark ! to the great trumpet's tones
 Pealing o'er the place of bones :
 Hark ! it waketh from their bed
 All the nations of the dead,—
 In a countless throng to meet,
 At the eternal judgment-seat,
 Nature sickens with dismay,
 Death may not retain his prey ;
 And before the Maker stand
 All the creatures of His hand.
 The great book shall be unfurled,
 Whereby God shall judge the world.

What was distant shall be near,
What was hidden shall be clear.
To what shelter shall I fly ?
To what guardian shall I cry ?
Oft, in that destroying hour,
Source of goodness, source of power,
Show Thou, of Thine own free grace,
Help unto a helpless race.
Though I plead not at Thy throne
Aught that I for Thee have done,
Do not Thou unmindful be,
Of what Thou hast borne for me :
Of the wandering, of the scorn,
Of the scourge, and of the thorn.
Jesus, hast Thou borne the pain,
And hath all been borne in vain ?
Shall Thy vengeance smite the head
For whose ransom Thou hast bled ?
Thou, whose dying blessing gave
Glory to a guilty slave :
Thou, who from the crew unclean,
Didst release the Magdalene :
Shall not mercy vast and free,
Evermore be found in Thee ?
Father, turn on me Thine eyes,
See my blushes, hear my cries ;
Faint though be the cries I make,
Save me for Thy mercies' sake,
From the worm, and from the fire,
From the torments of Thine ire.
Fold me with the sheep that stand,
Pure and safe at Thy right hand.

Hear Thy guilty child implore Thee,
 Rolling in the dust before Thee.
 Oh, the horrors of that day !
 When this frame of sinful clay,
 Starting from its burial-place,
 Must behold Thee face to face.
 Hear, and pity, hear, and aid,
 Spare the creatures Thou hast made.
 Mercy, mercy, save, forgive,
 Oh, who shall look on Thee and live ?

MACAULAY.

—○—○—○—○—

LXXVII.

THE LAST DAY.



HIS world I deem
 But a beautiful dream
 Of shadows that are not what they
 seem ;
 Where visions rise,
 Giving dim furnishe
 Of the things which shall meet our waking eyes.

Arm of the Lord,
 Creating Word,
 Whose glory the silent skies record,—
 Where stands Thy name
 In scrolls of flame,
 On the Firmament's high shadowing frame,—

I gaze o'erhead
Where Thy hand hath spread
For the waters of Heaven their crystal bed ;
And stored the dew
In its deep of blue,
Which the fires of the sun come temper'd through.

Soft they shine
Through that pure shrine,
As beneath the veil of Thy flesh divine
Beams forth the light,
Which were else too bright
For the feebleness of a finner's sight.

And such I deem
This world shall seem,
When we waken from Life's mysterious dream ;
And burst the shell
Where our spirits dwell,
In their wondrous ante-natal cell.

I gaze aloof
On the tissued roof,
Where time and space are the warp and woof ;
Which the King of kings
As a curtain flings
O'er the dreadfulnes of eternal things.

A tapestried tent,
To shade us meant,
From the bare everlasting Firmament ;
Whence the blaze of the skies
Comes soft to our eyes,
Through a veil of mystical imageries.

But could I see,
As in truth they be,
The glories of Heaven that encompass me,
I should lightly hold
The tissued fold
Of that marvellous curtain of blue and gold.

Soon the whole,
Like a parched scroll,
Shall before my amazed sight uproll ;
And without a screen,
At one burst be seen,
The Presence wherein I have ever been.

Ah ! who shall bear
The blinding glare
Of the Majesty that shall meet us there ?
What eyes may gaze
On the unveiled blaze
Of the light-girdled Throne of the Ancient of
Days ?
Christ us aid !
Himself be our shade,
That in that dread day we be not dismayed !

WHYTEHEAD.





FRAGMENTS.

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I

### HOLY SCRIPTURE.



HO hath this book, and reads it not,  
Doth God Himself despise ;  
Who reads, but understandeth not,  
His soul in darkness lies.

Who understands, but favours not,  
He finds no rest in trouble ;  
Who favours, but obeys it not,  
He hath his judgment double.

But he who reads, doth understand,  
Doth favour *and obey* ;  
His soul shall stand at God's right hand  
In the great judgment day.

\* \* \*

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**II.****HOLY SCRIPTURE.**

ITHIN this awful volume lies  
The mystery of mysteries ;  
Happiest they of human race  
To whom their God has given grace  
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,  
To lift the latch, to force the way ;  
And better had they ne'er been born,  
Than read to doubt, or read to scorn.

**WALTER SCOTT.**

**III.****THE TEMPLE ON EARTH.**

HEN tower'd the palace, then, in awful  
state,  
The Temple rear'd its everlasting gate :  
No workman's steel, no ponderous axes  
rung !  
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.  
Majestic silence !

**BISHOP HEBER.**



IV.

### THE SEA-SHORE.



N every object here I see  
Something, O Lord, that leads to Thee.  
Firm as a rock Thy promise stands ;  
Thy mercies countleſs as the sands ;  
Thy love a sea immensely wide ;  
Thy grace an ever-flowing tide.

In every object here I see  
Something, my heart, that points to thee.  
Hard as the rocks that round the strand ;  
Unfruitful as the barren sand ;  
Dark and deceitful as the Ocean ;  
And, like the tides, in constant motion.

NEWTON.

—••;••—

v.

### THE OCEAN.



PON the Ocean God is near ; the wing  
of the Moft High,  
In calm and storm a gracious form—  
broods over sea and sky.  
His love is breathed in ev'ry wind, His  
voice in ev'ry wave,  
His life—His light in the stormy night of Ocean's  
billowy grave.

His bow of promise we behold, as beautifully arrayed,  
 As when, amid a world destroy'd, 'twas first to man displayed.  
 His gentlest creatures, dove-like birds, rest on our wandering bark ;  
 They seek our vessel, as the Dove the life-preserving Ark.

The banner of His love, the Sun—shines on us day by day ;  
 His presence nightly in the Moon—illumes our watery way.  
 We cannot go where God is not—in goodness ever nigh ;  
 Thus, when we sleep upon the deep, we move before His eye.

RICHARD HOWITT.

VI.

LOVE.



LOVE is a stream which evermore doth flow,  
 From God's own heart to pious souls below ;  
 But rests not there, for who this *love* hath found,  
 Delayeth not to spread it all around ;  
 Thus is it ever rich, and poor withal,  
 At once a beggar and a prodigal.

## VII.

## LOVE.



LAS ! that men should madly prize  
The fleeting treasures earth can give ;  
And yet reject, nay, more—despise,  
The Word that life alone can give.

And we, how grateful should we be  
*To Him*, who lifts our thoughts above ;  
And still in each fresh sorrow see  
New proof of an Almighty's *love*.

\* \* \*

## VIII.

## LOVE.



HE freeborn Christian has no chains to  
prove,  
Or, if a chain, the golden one of *love* ;  
No fear attends to quench his glowing  
fires,

What fear he feels his gratitude inspires.  
Shall he, for such deliverance freely wrought,  
Recompense ill ? He trembles at the thought.  
His Master's interest and his own combined,  
Prompt every movement of his heart and mind ;  
Thought, word, and deed his liberty evince,  
His freedom is the freedom of a Prince.

COWPER.

## IX.

## LOVE.



OD is love ; His mercy brightens  
All the way in which we move—  
Bliss He makes, and woe He lightens—  
God is light and God is *love*.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
Shall His ceaseless goodness prove ;  
Through the mist His glory streameth,—  
God is light and God is *love*.

BOWRING.

## X.

## LOVE.



THOU whose wisdom guides the way,  
Though now it seem severe,  
Forbid my unbelief to say,  
“ There is no wisdom here.”

Lord ! if Thou bend my spirit low,  
*Love* only shall I see ;  
The very hand that strikes the blow  
Was wounded once for me.

• • \*

## xi.

## LOVE.



'M apt to think, the man  
That could surround the sum of things,  
and spy  
The heart of God and secrets of His  
empire,  
Would speak *but love*—with him the bright result  
Would change the hue of intermediate scenes,  
And make one thing of all theology.

GAMBOLD.

## xii.

## LOVE.



F rightly trained and bred,  
Humanity is humble, finds no spot  
Which her Heaven-guided feet refuse  
to tread.  
The walls are cracked, funk is the  
flowery roof;  
Undressed the pathway leading to the door ;  
But *Love*, as Nature, loves the lonely poor.

WORDSWORTH.

## xiii.

## LOVE.



OULD we with ink the Ocean fill,  
Were the whole earth of parch-  
ment made ;  
Were every single stick a quill,  
And every man a scribe by trade :

To write the *love* of God above,  
Would drain the Ocean dry ;  
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,  
Though stretched from sky to sky.\*

\* \* \*



## xiv.

## THE PASTOR.



PARISH Priest was of the pilgrim train,  
An awful, reverend, and religious man,  
Of sixty years he seemed, and well  
might last  
To sixty more, but that he lived to fast.

DRYDEN.

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\* These comprehensive lines are said to have been written by an idiot.

## xv.

## THE PASTOR.



E, who your Lord's commiffion bear,  
His way of mercy to prepare—  
Angels He calls you, be your strife  
To lead on earth an Angel's life.

\* \* \*



## xvi.

## THE PASTOR.



E lived for others while he fojourned  
here,  
Made precious souls the objects of his  
care ;  
Denied himself, to do another good,  
And preached forgiveness through the Saviour's  
blood :  
He now has gone to share a great reward,  
And dwell for ever with his gracious Lord.

\* \* \*



## xvii.

## THE PASTOR.



HEN such a man, familiar with the  
skies,  
Has filled his urn where the pure  
waters rise,  
And once more minglest with us meeker  
things,—  
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings.  
\* \* \*

## xviii.

## THE PASTOR.



*Oe* be to the priest, y-born,  
That will not cleanly weed his corn,  
And preach his charge among ;  
*Woe* be to that shepherd, I say,  
That will not watch his foes away,  
As to his office doth belong ;  
*Woe* be to him that doth not keep  
From Romish wolves his sheep,  
With staff and weapon strong.

*The Welsh Bard TALIESYN.\**

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\* From Usher's Religion of the Ancient Irish, c. x.

## xix.

## THE PASTOR.



IGH thoughts at first, and visions high,  
Are ours of easy victory ;  
The Word we bear seems so divine,  
So framed for Adam's guilty line, —  
That none unto ourselves we say,  
Of all his finning, suffering race  
Will hear that Word, so full of grace,  
And coldly turn away.

But soon a sadder mood comes round,  
High hopes have fallen to the ground,  
And the Ambassadors of Peace  
Go weeping that men will not cease  
To strive with Heaven ; they only mourn,  
That suffering men will not be blest,  
That weary men refuse to rest,  
And wanderers to return.

TRENCH.

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## xx.

## PRAYER.



HEN, kneeling down, to Heaven's  
eternal King,  
The saint, the father, and the  
husband prays :  
Hope springs triumphant on exult-  
ing wing,  
That thus they all shall meet in future days :  
There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
No more to sigh, nor shed the bitter tear,  
Together hymning their Creator's praise  
In such society yet still more dear,  
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

BURNS.



## xxi.

## THE DEPARTED.



H! it is sweet to die—to part from earth,  
And win all heaven for things of little  
worth—  
Then sure thou wouldest not, though  
thou couldst, awake  
The little slumberer for its mother's sake.  
It is when those we love in death depart,  
That earth has slightest hold upon the heart.

ROMESTON.

## xxii.

## THE DEPARTED.



ORGIVE, blest shade, the tributary tear  
 That mourns thy exit from a world  
 like this ;  
 Forgive the wish that would have kept  
 thee here,  
 And stayed thy progress to the realms of bliss.  
 No more confined by grovelling scenes of night,  
 No more a tenant pent in mortal clay ;  
 Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,  
 And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

LYTTELTON.



## xxiii.

## THE DEPARTED.



HAT hallows ground where heroes  
 sleep ?  
 'Tis not the sculptured pile we heap ;  
 In dews that heavens far distant weep,  
 Their turf may bloom,  
 Or genii twine beneath the deep  
 Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind,  
 Whose word or voice has served mankind.  
 And is he dead whose glorious mind  
     Lifts thine on high?  
 To live in hearts we leave behind  
     Is not to die.

CAMPBELL.



## XXIV.

## THE DEPARTED.



ERVANT of God, well done !  
 Rest from thy loved employ ;  
 The battle o'er the victory won,  
 Enter thy Master's joy.

The cry at midnight came,  
 He started up to hear ;  
 A mortal arrow pierced his frame,—  
 He fell, but felt no fear.  
 His spirit with a bound  
 Left its encumbering clay ;  
 His tent at sunrise on the ground  
 A darkened ruin lay.

MONTGOMERY.



xxv.

## THE DEPARTED.



UR hearts are fastened to the world  
By strong and endless ties ;  
But every sorrow cuts a string,  
And urges us to rise.

When Heaven would kindly set us free,  
And earth's enchantment end,  
It takes the most effectual means,  
And robs us of a friend.

Young-

XXVI.

THE DEPARTED.



OW is the stately column broke;  
The beacon light is quenched in smoke;  
The trumpet's filver voice is still,  
The warder silent on the hill.

三

## XXVII.

## HOLY SORROW.



H! weep not for the gather'd rose !  
Oh ! mourn not for the friend that  
dies ;  
In beauty's breast the flow'ret blows,  
The soul is happy in the skies !

Weep not for these ! but weep for them,  
The unloved, the friendless, the unknown ;  
The flowers that wither on the stem,  
The living that must live *alone* !

\* \* \*

## —•—

## XXVIII.

## RELIGION.



T is not they who idly dwell  
In cloister gray, or hermit cell,  
In prayer and vigil, night and day,  
Wearing all their time away,  
Lord of Heaven ! that serve Thee well.

\* \* \*

## —•—

xxix.

**RELIGION.**



LOVE to see yon glorious Sun,  
First tinge the East with purple dye,  
And then with glowing splendour run  
Along the lofty azure sky.

I love to see the Orb of night  
Glide o'er her glittering starry way,  
And with her brilliant silver light  
Upon the water's surface play.

But lovelier still than these appear  
Religion's calm and flowery ways;  
They soothe vain sorrow, dry the tear,  
And end with joy our earthly days.

\* \* \*

—♦—

xxx.

**HEAVENLY JOYS.**



OW fading are the joys we dote upon!  
Like apparitions seen and gone ;  
But those which soonest take their flight,  
Are the most exquisite and strong ;  
Like angels' visits, short and bright,  
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.  
JOHN NORRIS, 17th Cent.

xxxI.

**HEAVENLY JOYS.**



N sacred loneliness,  
Apart from friends below,  
Lord, in thy presence I find bliss  
Thou only canst bestow.

Alone, how can I feel ?  
When faith's clear vision seems like fight,  
When Truth's eternal stores reveal  
To my glad heart delight.

Trembling, I seem to lie  
So near the heavenly portals bright,  
I catch the streaming rays that fly  
From eternity's own light.

SARAH MARTIN.

—•—

xxxII.

**WORLDLY JOYS.**



UT pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower, its bloom is fled;  
Or like the snow-falls on the river,  
A moment white then melts for ever  
Or like the Borealis race,

That flit ere you can point their place ;  
Or, like the rainbow's lovely form,  
Evanishing amid the storm.

BURNS.

## xxxiii.

## PRAISE.



ERE every faltering tongue of man,  
Almighty Father, silent in thy praise,  
Thy works themselves would raise a  
general voice,  
E'en in the depths of solitary woods  
By human foot untrod—proclaim Thy power,  
And to the Choir Celestial Thee resound,  
The eternal cause, support, and end of all.

\* \* \*

## xxxiv.

## GREATNESS.



HOU haft left behind  
Powers that will work for Thee —  
Earth, Air, and Skies ;  
There's not a breathing of the common  
wind

That will forget Thee—Thou haft great allies—  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

WORDSWORTH.

*—w.w.w.—*

## xxxv.

## MERCY.



HE quality of Mercy is not strain'd,  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from  
Heaven  
Upon the place beneath ; it is twice  
blessed ;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes ;  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
The throned monarch *better* than his crown :  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;  
But *mercy* is above this sceptred sway ;  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God Himself ;  
An earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
When Mercy seasons Justice.

SHAKESPEARE.

## —♦—

## xxxvi.

## HUMILITY.



H, I would walk  
A weary journey—to the furthest verge  
Of the big world, to see that good man's  
form,  
Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,  
Preserves a lowly mind, and to his God,  
Feeling the sense of his own littleness,  
Is as a child in meek simplicity.

KING WALTER.

## xxxvii.

## MEMORY.



ER charm around, the enchantress, Memory, threw,—

A charm that soothes the mind, and sweetens too !

But is her magic only felt below ?

Say through what brighter realms she bids it flow !

There thy bright train, immortal Friendship, soar,  
No more to part, to mingle tears no more !

And as the softening hand of Time endears

The joys and sorrows of our infant years,

So there the soul, released from human strife,

Smiles at the little cares and ills of life,—

Its lights and shades, its sunshines and its showers,—

As at a dream that charmed her vacant hours !

ROGERS.



## xxxviii.

## SOLITUDE.



SACRED Solitude ! divine Retreat !

Choice of the prudent ! envy of the great !

By the pure stream, or in thy waving shade,

We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid :

The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,

(Strangers on earth !) are Innocence and Peace.

YOUNG.

## XXXIX.

## SOLITUDE.



HERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture in the lonely shore,  
There is society, where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.  
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the universe, and feel  
What I can e'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

BYRON.



## XL.

## FRIENDSHIP.



TRUE Friendship is a Gordian knot,  
Which angel hands have tied ;  
By heavenly skill its textures wrought,  
Who shall its folds divide ?

In vain Death's all triumphant sword  
May strive the links to sever ;  
The union of the twisted cord  
In Heaven shall last for ever !



•

## XLI.

## OLD AGE.



OR can the snows, which now cold age  
hath shed  
Upon thy reverend head,  
Quench or allay the noble fires within.  
For all that thou hast been, and all that  
youth can be,  
Thou'rt yet—so fully still dost thou  
Possess the manhood and the bloom of wit.  
To things immortal time can do no wrong,  
And that which never is to die, for ever must be  
young.

COWLEY.

## XLII.

## THE CHURCH.



HE has a charm, a word of fire,  
A pledge of love, that cannot tire ;  
By tempests, earthquakes, and by wars,  
By rushing waves and falling stars,  
By every sign her Lord foretold,  
She sees the world is waxing old ;  
And through the last and direst storm  
Descries, by faith, her Saviour's form.

## XLIII.

## THE ABBEY JUMIEGES.



GLORIOUS remnant of the Gothic  
pile  
(Which once was Rome's) stood  
half apart  
In a grand arch,—which once screened  
many an aisle ;  
The last had disappeared,—a loss to art,—  
The first yet frowned superbly o'er the foil,  
And kindled feelings in the roughest heart  
Which mourned the power of time and temper's  
march,  
In gazing on the venerable arch.

BYRON.\*

—•—

## XLIV.

## LEBANON.



ID the deep silence of the pathless wild,  
Where kindlier Nature once profusely  
smiled,  
Th' eternal *cedars* stand ; unknown  
their age,  
Untold their annals in historic page !  
All that around them stood, now far away,  
Single in ruin, mighty in decay !

---

\* Copied by the Editor from the ruins A.D. 1839, where "the lame Lord," as the Sacristan said, had carved them twenty years previous, and whose visit he well remembered.

Between the mountains and the neighbouring main  
 They claim the empire of the lonely plain.  
 In solemn beauty through the clear blue light  
 The leafy columns rear their awful height !  
 And they are still the same ; alike they mock  
 Th' invader's menace and the tempest's shock ;  
 And ere the world had bow'd at Cæsar's throne,  
 Ere yet proud Rome's all-conquering name was known,  
 They stood ; and fleeting centuries in vain  
 Have poured their fury on the enduring fane,  
 While in the progress of their long decay  
 Thrones sink to dust and empires melt away.

G. HOWARD.

—♦—

XLV.

LIBERTY.



COMPULSION, from its destined course,  
 The magnet may awhile detain ;  
 But, when no more withheld by force,  
 It trembles to the North again.  
 Thus, though the idle world may hold  
 My fetter'd thoughts awhile from Thee,  
 To Thee they spring, when uncontroll'd  
 In all the warmth of liberty.

\* \* \*

## XLVI.

## CORRECTION.



ORD, as a tender mother day by day  
Weans the weak babe she loves, left it  
should pine,  
So wean us, Lord, so make us wholly  
Thine,

Left in our feebleness we start away  
From Thy loved chastening ; for we could not bear  
The sudden vision of ourselves and Thee,  
Or learn at once how vain our bright hopes be.  
Then be our earthly weakness, Lord, Thy care,  
And e'en in wounding heal, in breaking spare.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE.



## XLVII.

## CONTROVERSY.



E calm in arguing, for *fierceness* makes  
*Error a fault*, and *truth* *discourtesy*.  
Why should I feel another man's mis-  
takes

More than his *sickness* or his poverty ?  
In love I should : but anger is not love,  
Nor *wisdom* neither ; therefore, gently move.

*Calmness* is great advantage : he that lets  
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire,

Mark all his wanderings, and enjoy his frets ;  
 As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.  
 Truth dwells not in the clouds ; the bow that's there  
 Doth often aim at, never hit, the sphere.

GEORGE HERBERT.



XLVIII.

THE SOUL.



NOW'ST thou the value of a soul im-  
 mortal ?  
 Behold the midnight glory, worlds on  
 worlds !  
 Amazing pomp ! Redouble this amaze ;  
 Ten thousand add ; and twice ten thousand more ;  
 Then weigh the whole,—one soul outweighs them  
*all.*

YOUNG.



XLIX.

MUSIC.



HERE be none of Beauty's daughters  
 With a magic like thee ;  
 And like Music on the waters,  
 Is thy sweet voice to me :  
 When as if its sound were causing,  
 The charmed ocean's pausing,

The waves lie still and gleaming,  
 And the lull'd winds seem dreaming,  
 And the midnight moon is weaving  
     Her bright chain o'er the deep ;  
 Whose breast is gently heaving  
     As an infant asleep :  
 So the spirit bows before thee,  
 To listen and adore thee,  
 With a full but swift emotion,  
 Like the swell of summer's ocean.

BYRON.

L.

## MUSIC.



LIKE the gale that sighs along  
 Beds of oriental flowers,  
 Is the grateful breath of song,  
 That once was heard in happier  
     hours ;

Filled with balm, the gale sighs on,  
 Though the flowers have sunk in death ;  
 So, when pleasure's dream is gone,  
 Its memory lives in music's breath.

Music ! oh how faint, how weak,  
 Language fades before thy spell !  
 Why should Feeling ever speak,  
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?

Friendship's balmy words may feign,  
 Love's are e'en more false than they ;  
 Oh ! 'tis only Music's strain  
 Can sweetly soothe, and not betray !

MOORE.

## LI.

## MUSIC.



HERE the bright Seraphim, in burning  
 row,  
 Their loud uplifted angel trumpets  
 blow ;  
 And the Cherubick host, in thousand  
 quires,  
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,  
 Hymns devout and holy psalms  
 Singing everlastingly.

MILTON.

## LII.

## MUSIC.



ND storied windows, richly dight,  
 Casting a dim religious light ;  
 There let the pealing organ blow,  
 To the full-voiced quire below,  
 In service high and anthems clear,  
 As may with sweetnes, through mine ear,

Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

MILTON.

—••—  
LIII.

**THE LYRE.**



HERE is a living spirit in the lyre,  
A breath of music and a soul of fire ;  
It speaks a language to the world un-  
known ;  
It speaks that language to the bard  
alone.

\* \* \*

—••—  
LIV.

**ST. AUGUSTINE.**



HE child of tears, the child of tears,  
Of many hopes and anxious fears,  
Is better than the child whose birth  
Is ushered in with sounds of mirth.

Think not that nought is well below,  
Save when the tides of pleasure flow ;  
For tears can come from God above,  
The sacred tears of mother's love.

Despair not of thy wayward son,  
Nor think that all thou canst is done ;  
For not in vain those tears are shed,  
They must bring blessings on his head.

He cannot, must not, shall not die;  
 His life is ransomed for the sky ;  
 Where God Himself shall dry thy tears,  
 And joys eternal banish fears.

Grief-wasted Mother, go thy way,  
 Be sure thy tears have won the day ;  
 For prayers can ope the gates of Heaven ;  
 All force to prayers and tears is given.\*

MACKENZIE.



LV.

### MELANCTHON.



IS sun went down in cloudless skies,  
 Assured upon the morn to rise  
     In lovelier array.  
 But not like earth's declining light,  
 To vanish back again to night ;  
     The zenith where he now shall glow,  
 No bound, no setting beam can know—  
     Without a cloud or shade of woe  
         In that eternal day.

\* \* \*

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\* The above lines are a sort of paraphrase from the confessions of St. Augustine, l. iii. c. ult. by the late F. Mackenzie.

## LVI.

## LYCIDAS.



EEP no more, woful shepherds, weep no  
more,  
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the watery  
flood ;

So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, with new and spangled ore,  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky ;  
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
Through the dear might of Him that walked the  
waves.

MILTON.



## LVII.

## MILTON.



OR second He that rode sublime,  
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,  
The secrets of the abyss to spy ;  
He passed the flaming bounds of place  
and time :

The living throne, the sapphire blaze,  
Where angels tremble while they gaze,  
He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light,  
Closed his eyes in endless night.

GRAY.

LVIII.

GEORGE WHITFIELD.



E loved the world that hated him—the  
tear  
That dropped upon his Bible was sin-  
cere ;  
Assailed by scandal and the tongue of  
strife,  
His only answer was a blameless life ;  
And he that forged, and he that drew the dart,  
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.

COWPER.



LIX.

SCHWARTZ.



IRM wast thou, humble and wise,  
Honest, pure, free from disguise ;  
Father of orphans, the widow's sup-  
port ;  
Comfort in sorrow of every sort.  
To the benighted, dispenser of light ;  
Doing and pointing to that which is right ;  
Blessing to princes, to people, to me :  
May I, my Father, be worthy of Thee,  
Wishes and prayeth thy Sarabojee.

SARABOJEE.

## LX.

## HENRY MARTYN.



ERE Martyn lies! In manhood's early bloom,  
The Christian hero found a Pagan tomb.  
Religion, sorrowing o'er her fav'rite son,  
Points to the glorious trophies which he won.

Immortal trophies! Not with slaughter red,  
Nor stained with tears, by hapless orphans shed;  
But trophies of the cross! In that dear name,  
Through every scene of danger, toil, and shame  
Onward he journeyed to that peaceful shore,  
Where danger, toil, and shame, are known no more.

MACAULAY



## LXI.

## LIFE.



LIVE while you live, the Epicure will say,  
And give to pleasure each returning day;  
Live while you live, the Sacred Preacher cries,

And give to God each moment as it flies:  
Lord, in my view let both united be!  
*I live to pleasure while I live to Thee.*

DODDARD.

## LXII.

## LIFE.



UR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
The soul that rises with us, our life's  
star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar—

Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home—  
Heaven lies around us in our infancy ;  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing boy—  
Yet he beholds the light, and whence it flows ;  
He sees it in his joy.

WORDSWORTH.



## LXIII.

## DEATH.



O me the thought of death is terrible,  
Having such a hold on life. To thee  
it is not  
So much even as the lifting of a latch  
Only a step into the open air  
Out of a tent already luminous  
With light that shines through its transparent walls.

## LXIV.

## DEATH.



WHAT is death? 'Tis life's last shore,  
Where vanities are vain no more;  
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,  
And life is all retouched again.

\* \* \*



## LXV.

## THE THREE GRACES.



H! give me *Faith*!  
The sweet assurance that a Saviour  
died—  
That, for my sins, His flesh was cru-  
cified—  
Lasting till death!

*Hope* give me, too!—  
The glorious *hope* that Thou, O God! art mine;  
This beacon light in me for ever shine,  
Joyful and true.

And give me *Love*!  
Love for my neighbour and Jehovah's name;  
Unfailing, boundless love my heart inflame,  
Sprung from above.

Oh, give me Thee !  
When Faith and Hope are lost in perfect fight ;  
And holy Love shall shed her heavenly light  
Eternally.

R.

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LXVI.'

### FAITH.



HE child-like Faith that asks not sight,  
Waits not for wonder or for sign,  
Believes, because it loves, aright,  
Shall see things greater, things di-  
vine.

KEBLE.

---

LXVII.

### FAITH AND WORKS.

*The Papyfie.*



F thou wilt take the Byble boke,  
And upon Saint James 'pyfle loke,  
Ther you shall, I trowe, se  
How fayth is ther trewly applyed,  
And good workes with hym tyed ;  
Se how they do agre.

*The Christiane.*

Paul only of fayth,  
 Of workes Saynt James fayth,  
     God doth us iustifye ;  
 Before God fayth thanne,  
 And workes before manne,  
     Concludeth this controverfye.\*

\* \* \*



## LXVIII.

## HOPE.



REFLECTED on the lake, I love  
     To see the stars of evening glow ;  
 So tranquil in the heavens above,  
     So restless in the wave below.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,  
     But *earthly* hope, how bright soe'er,  
 Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,  
     As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

BISHOP HARRA.

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\* From "An Answere to a papyfycall exhortacyon, pretendyng to auoyde false doctrine, under that colour to maintayne the same." No. 554, in the Lambeth Library. List of some of the early printed books by Dr. S. R. Maitland.

LXIX.

THE CONVERTED HEATHEN.



HAT are they now ? Morality may  
spare  
Her grave concern, her kind suspicion  
there ;  
The wretch, who once sang, wildly  
danced, and laughed,  
And sucked in dizzy madness with his draught,  
Has wept a silent flood, reversed his ways,  
Is sober, meek, benevolent, and prays,  
Feeds sparingly, communicates his store,  
Abhors the craft he boasted of before,  
And he that stole has learnt to steal no more.  
Well spake the prophet, Let the desert sing,  
Where sprang the thorn, the spiry fir shall spring,  
And where unsightly and rank thistles grew,  
Shall grow the myrtle and luxuriant yew.

COWPER.

---

LXX.

ISRAEL.



H ! land of the godly, how lone and  
deserted !  
Thy tribes wander friendless, thy  
glory is gone,  
Thy prophets are silent, their glory de-  
parted,  
And hush'd is the voice of the Monarch of Song.

Midst the towers of thy Salem, the lone wolf is  
howling;  
O'er the wrecks of thy Temple the wild Arab  
strays;  
'Mong the tombs of thy Fathers the tiger is prowling;  
As a dream we remember the fame of thy days.

BYRON.



LXXI.

WOMAN.



HAT is there in this vale of life  
Half so delightful as a wife,  
Where friendship, love, and peace com-  
bine  
To stamp the marriage-bond divine?  
The stream of pure and genuine love  
Derives its current from above;  
And earth a second Eden shows,  
Where'er the healing water flows.

COWPER.



## LXXII.

## WOMAN.



HE was a woman of a steady mind,  
Tender and deep in her excess of love;  
Not speaking much, pleased rather with  
the joy  
Of her own thoughts; by some especial  
care,  
Her temper had been framed, as if to make  
A Being, who by adding love to peace,  
Might live on earth a life of happiness.

WORDSWORTH.

## LXXIII.

## WOMAN.



F ever angels walked on weary earth,  
In human likeness, thou wert one of  
them.  
Thy native heaven was with thee, but  
subdued  
By suffering, life's inevitable lot;  
But the sweet spirit did assert its home  
By faith and hope, and only owned its yoke  
In the strong love that bound it to its kind.

\* \* \*

## LXXIV.

## HOME.



HERE woman reigns, the mother,  
daughter, wife,  
Sows with fresh flowers the narrow  
vale of life;  
In the calm heaven of her delightful eye,  
An angel guard of love and graces lie.

\* \* \*

## LXXV.

## THE MOTHER.



SAY amid the wilderness of life,  
What bosom would have throb'd  
like thine for me ?  
Who would have smiled responsive ?  
who in grief  
Would ere have felt, or feeling, grieved like thee ?

\* \* \*



## LXXVI.

## THE SABBATH.



EAM on us brightly, blessed day,  
Dawn softly for our Saviour's sake;  
And waft thy sweetnes o'er our way,  
To draw us heavenward when we  
wake.

O holy life that shall not end,  
 Light that will never cease to be,—  
 May every Sabbath-day we spend  
 Add to our happiness in Thee.

A. L. WARING.

—♦♦—

LXXVII.

THE SABBATH.



SUNDAY well spent  
 Brings a week of content,  
 And health for the toils of the  
 morrow:  
 But the *Lord's Day* profaned,  
 Whatsoe'er may be gained,  
 Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

—♦♦—

LXXVIII.

THE SABBATH.



HE Sundays of man's life,  
 Threaded together on Time's string,  
 Make bracelets to adorn the wife  
 Of the eternal glorious King.  
 On Sunday, heaven's gate stands ope;  
 Blessings are plentiful and rife,  
 More plentiful than hope.

GEORGE HERBERT.

LXXXIX.

THE FIRST GREAT CAUSE.



VERY science, power, or art,  
Which tends to foster in the heart  
Knowledge of Nature's laws,  
Must, sanctified by grace divine,  
Precept on precept, line on line,  
Exalt the First Great Cause.

\* \* \*



LXXX.

THE CROSS.



If loving hearts were never lonely,  
If all they wish might always be,  
Accepting what they look for only,  
They might be glad, but not in Thee.

We need as much the Cross we bear,  
As air we breathe — as light we see;  
It draws us to thy side in prayer,  
It binds us to our strength in Thee.

A. L. WARING.



LXXXI.

THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN.



HUS when the lamp that lighted  
The traveller at first goes out,  
He feels awhile benighted,  
And lingers on in fear and doubt.

But soon, the prospect clearing,  
• In cloudless starlight on he treads ;  
And finds no lamp so cheering,  
As that light which heaven sheds.

MOORE.

—•—  
LXXXII.

HEAVEN.



F God could make this world so fair,  
Where death and sin abound —  
How beautiful beyond compare  
Will Paradise be found !

J. MONTGOMERY.

—•—

## LXXXIII.

## HEAVEN.



HERE'S rest for the soul that on Jesus  
    relies ;  
There's a home for the homeless pre-  
    pared in the skies ;  
There's a joy in believing, a peace and  
    a stay  
Which the world cannot give, nor the world  
    take away. \* \* \*

## LXXXIV.

## HEAVEN.



HERE is a place, beyond that flaming  
    hill,  
From whence the stars their thin ap-  
    pearance shed ;  
A place beyond all place ; where never  
    ill  
Nor impure thought was ever harboured ;  
But faintly heroes are for ever said  
To keep an everlasting sabbath's rest. \* \* \*



## LXXXV.

## HEAVEN.



H! what a chorus shall the ransomed  
sing,  
When standing round the throne of God  
their king!  
Methinks I hear the golden harps' vi-  
bration,  
And every note is full and free salvation.

\* \* \*

## LXXXVI.

## HEAVEN.



CLOUD lay cradled near the setting  
sun,  
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided  
snow ;  
Long had I watched the glory moving on,  
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.  
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow ;  
E'en in its very motion there was rest ;  
While every breath of wind that chanced to blow,  
Wafted the beauteous traveller to the West.

Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,  
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,  
And by the breath of mercy made to roll  
Right onward to the golden gates of heav'n ;  
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,  
And tells no man his glorious destinies."

WILSON.

## LXXXVII.

## HEAVEN.



NE Sun by day, by night ten thousand  
shine,  
And light us deep into the Deity ;  
How boundless in magnificence and  
Might !

O what a confluence of ethereal Fires,  
From urns unnumber'd, down the steep of Heaven  
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight !  
Nor tarries there ; I feel it at my heart :  
My heart, at once, it humbles and exalts ;  
Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.

YOUNG.

## LXXXVIII.

## HEAVEN.



HOULD not the exile, Lord, desire  
His own sweet realm to see ?  
The bride to greet her absent lord ?  
The prisoner to be free ?

When we amid this stormy world,  
Feel like the homeless dove,  
We would in spirit spread the wing,  
To flee to Thee we love.

\* \* \*

I.LXXXIX.

**HEAVEN.**



HEY may stand near to the pearly gates,  
May be close to the Ear of Heaven;  
But who would dwell in the servant's  
lodge,  
When the Mansion-house is given ?

\* \* \*



xc.

**IMMORTALITY.**



T matters little at what hour o' the day  
The righteous falls asleep; death cannot  
come  
To him untimely who is fit to die:  
The less of this cold world, the more  
of heaven;  
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.

MILMAN.



xci.

**ETERNITY.**



OW welcome those untrodden spheres!  
How sweet this very hour to die!  
To soar from Earth, and find all fears  
Lost in thy light—Eternity.

Oh! in that future let us think  
 To hold each heart the heart that shares ;  
 With them the immortal waters drink,  
 And soul in soul grow deathless theirs.

BYRON.



## XCII.

## ETERNITY.



OW swift the torrent rolls  
 That hastens to the sea!  
 How strong the tide that bears our  
 souls  
 On to Eternity!

So fades a summer cloud away;  
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;  
 So gentle shuts the eye of day;  
 So dies a wave along the shore.\*



## XCIII.

## PARTING.



HEN eyes are beaming  
 What never tongue might tell ;  
 When tears are streaming  
 From their crystal cell ;

---

\* From a tombstone in Hornsey Churchyard.

When hands are linked that dread to part,  
 And heart is met by throbbing heart,  
 Oh ! bitter, bitter is the smart  
 Of them that bid farewell !

When hope is chidden  
 That fain of bliss would tell,  
 And love forbidden  
 In the breast to dwell ;  
 When fettered by a viewless chain,  
 We turn and gaze, and turn again,  
 Oh ! death were mercy to the pain  
 Of them that bid farewell.

BISHOP HEBER.



XCIV.

PARTING.



OT as the worldling bids farewell  
 While earthly wishes bound his view;  
 Whose but the Christian's tongue can  
 tell  
 The fulness of that word *Adieu* !

Cling to the Uncreated Friend,  
 To Jesus, the supremely true ;  
 And oh ! thy welfare I commend  
 To Him, while I pronounce *Adieu* !

\* \* \*

xcv.

## PARTING.



HEN forced to part from those we love,  
Though sure to meet to-morrow ;  
We still a kind of anguish prove,  
We feel a touch of sorrow.

Yet oh ! what words can paint the tears  
We shed, when thus we sever,  
If doomed to part for months, for years,  
To part, perhaps for ever ?

Yet if our views are fixed aright,  
A sacred hope is given ;  
Though here our prospects end in night,  
We'll meet again in Heaven.

Then let us form those bonds above,  
Which time can ne'er dis sever ;  
Since parting in a Saviour's love,  
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\* \* \*





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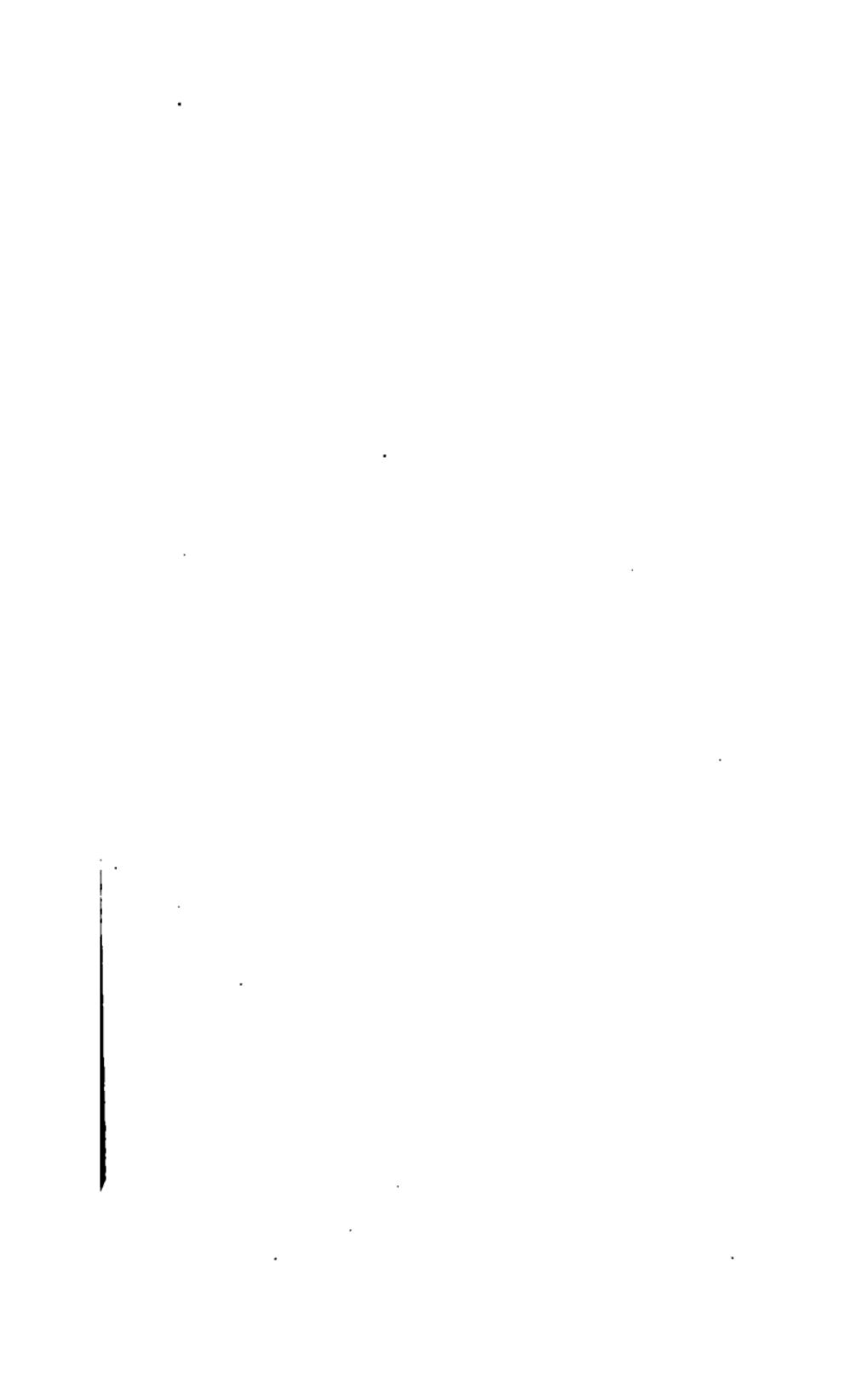
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